



No. 333.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



[Photo by Otto, Paris.]

MADAME BERNHARDT AS HAMLET, AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

"Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

THE WEEK AT COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera has got through the heavier part of its artistic programme, and has settled down to those fashionable successes which have little interest for the musical enthusiast. The gallery turns up its nose at "Lucia," yet when Madame Melba appears in it Donizetti is magnetised into life—at



MR. BISPHAM AS THE FLYING
DUTCHMAN.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.



MISS SUZANNE ADAMS AS
MARGUERITE.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

least, so far as the box-office is concerned. The most notable feature of last week perhaps was the appearance of Signor Scotti as Don Giovanni. He has come from Milan with a big reputation and a bigger repertoire, and he did not disappoint his audience at Covent Garden. One night "The Flying Dutchman" was produced, with an excellent cast, including Mr. David Bispham. A programme of good, old-fashioned favourites is down for this week. It began on Monday with "Rigoletto," in which Miss Roudez, who was saved from the wreck of the *Stella*, appeared. Last night the ever-popular "Faust" was given, with Miss Suzanne Adams as Marguerite. A notable performance of "Tannhäuser" will be given to-night, in which Gadski, Elba, and Nordica will appear, while the men include Mr. Van Dyck, who was singing before the Queen at Balmoral on Saturday, and M. Plançon. Herr Dr. Muck conducts. "Norma" will be given for the only time this season to-morrow, with Madame Lehmann and Giulia Ravogli in the cast. Friday night's audience will listen to "Les Huguenots," and on Saturday the last special Wagner performance will be given, with de Reszke as Lohengrin. So far, Opera-goers have missed Calvé, if not Madame Eames. Mdlle. de Lussan makes a very good Carmen, but we want Calvé to reconcile us altogether to Bizet's heroine. By the way, it is curious to note the Queen's musical taste. Here is the programme M. Van Dyck submitted before her on Saturday, when Carl Armbruster was his accompanist—

Loge's "Erzählung" ("Das Rheingold")	...	R. Wagner.
Siegmund's "Liebesgesang" ("Die Walküre")	...	R. Wagner.
Tannhäuser's "Erzählung"	...	R. Wagner.
"Die Post"	...	Schubert.
Shakspeare's "Ständchen"	...	Schubert.
"Ich grolle nicht"	...	Schumann.
"Frühlingsnacht"	...	Schumann.
"Sérénade du Passant"	...	Massenet.
"Au Printemps"	...	Gounod.
"Sonnet de Ronsard"	...	Huberti.

THE BRIGHTEST BOY ON THE STAGE.

For some of us, the most memorable thing in "The Heather Field," which was produced at a matinée at Terry's last week, was the acting of Master Charles Sefton as the son of the squire who wanted to turn the heather field into arable land. The afternoon was hot and stuffy (like some of the dialogue), but young Sefton brought us back to breezy boyish life, and I, for one, thanked him heartily for the diversion. Master Sefton is as bright and charming in private life as he is on the stage. He is the son of an Irish officer (now dead), while his mother is a Londoner who used to be fond of amateur theatricals. His appearance on the stage is due to the merest chance. One night, at Brighton, last year, he "went on" as the newspaper-boy who chaffs the sentry in "One of the Best." It was done for a "lark," but he captured the house and became an actor on the spot. Then he went on tour in a play called "Our Volunteers," and subsequently in Mr. H. A. Lytton's "Wild Rabbit." His sister Isabel is now touring in "A Trip to Chinatown." She is sixteen; Charles is fourteen. He has a career before him, for he has intelligence and good looks, and takes the keenest interest in acting, which comes quite naturally to him. There is not a touch of theatricality about him, nor of disconcerting precocity.

DR. DOYLE AS DRAMATIST.

Of course, "Halves" is not Conan Doyle's first venture as dramatist. We have already seen the little Waterloo piece immortalised by the fine art of Sir Henry Irving, to say nothing of "Foreign Policy"; but these were only one-act sketches, and "Halves," originally produced at Aberdeen, and now presented at the Garrick Theatre, is a serious affair in three acts and a prologue. The promise of the earlier works caused a woeful disappointment—at least, from the critic's point of view—for the audience seemed to be pleased by the commonplace, old-fashioned work now offered to it. Dr. Conan Doyle does not do his work by halves, and, having made up his mind that his subject did not deserve artistic treatment—in which view he is quite correct—has indulged himself to the full in antique asides and soliloquies, to say nothing of ancient stage effects. The memory of the oldest critic can hardly tell him of anything more painfully artificial than the misunderstanding from silence on which the play rests. It begins with two brothers, who make a vow—a fairy-tale vow—that after twenty-five years they will meet on a given day and pool their fortunes. One, William, saves a little money, chiefly through the self-sacrificing efforts of his wife; the other, Robert, makes a hundred thousand pounds. Robert comes to see William, a country doctor, on the appointed day, and, with a view of testing him, pretends to be penniless. William resolves to hold to the compact; but the idea of giving up half the savings of twenty years out of a sense of honour is too much for the wife, and she leaves her husband's house rather than consent to the sacrifice. For three days, William, the husband, lives apart from his wife, because he has resolved to carry out his promise, and Robert, fully alive to all the facts, watches the torture of the brother whom he pretends to love. In the end, the wife's love for her husband prevails, and she comes back prepared to make the sacrifice. After dragging out her agony for a long while, Robert discloses the fact that he is rich, and agrees to share his money with them. Up to the last, I hoped against hope that the author would make amends for much that was paltry, and give a humorous turn to his play by causing William to kick the contemptible Robert out of doors when he found that his wife and he had been tortured as a test. However, they took Robert and his money-bags to their hearts, and made one thoroughly sick of the whole contemptible collection. This disappointing play had the advantage of a performance far better than it deserved, for Mr. James Welch gave us a delightful piece of unforced acting in the part of William, while Mr. Brandon Thomas played the part of Robert with skill and a fine sense of character. Miss Olliffe, as the wife, distinguished herself by an admirable piece of acting, and Mr. Sheldon not only was funny in the comic scenes, but went through the stale business of the old servant who offers his little fortune to the master whom he believes to be ruined with a surprising air of sincerity. Capital work, too, was done by Mr. Charles Troode and Mr. Fitzroy Morgan.

E. F. S.



MASTER CHARLES SEFTON.

He made a great success in "The Heather Field" at Terry's last week, and has been specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Mr. Hana.

"POT-POURRI," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

A PLAY ABOUT THE OTHER PLAYS IN TOWN.



Why does Mr. Tanner call his revue "a novel form of musical entertainment"? He knows that the revue has been popular for years in Paris, and ought to be aware that in 1893 a revue called "Under the Clock" was presented at the Court Theatre. If not novel, "Pot-Pourri" is entertaining—indeed, one might even call it a "pot-pour-rire," if the French would pardon such an outrage on the language in which M. Marchand habitually weeps. I cannot give any close description of the musical medley, but merely say that, as framework, we had a kind of travesty of two Drury Lane dramas, "The Great Ruby" and "The White Heather," and within it a set of burlesques of current and past plays, and imitations, some good, some bad, and others indifferent, of living players. The house roared with laughter at Mr. Farren-Soutar as Charles Wyndham and Mr. Hayden Coffin, at Miss Marie Dainton's imitation of Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Connie Ediss, and Miss Lettie Lind, and at Mr. Adeson's Gilbert Hare. The

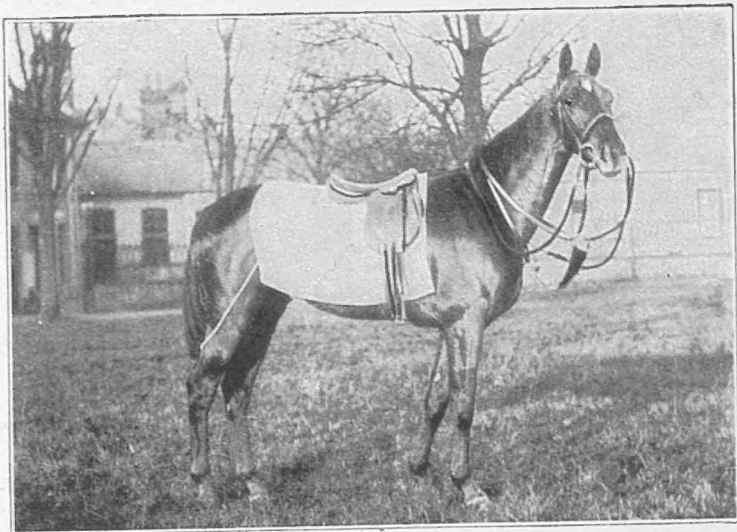


"hit" of the evening, perhaps, was a song called "Mary the Housemaid," a pure music-hall ballad sung with immense energy by Miss Claire Romaine; it was not a great work of art, but has some common vivacity. Perhaps the cleverest imitation was that by Mdlle. Jane May, who took off "la grande Sarah" in Hamlet wonderfully. It is a pity that the clever French actress is not worked a little harder, for some of the others have too much to do—indeed, the burden is borne by too few shoulders, though amongst them are those of Mr. John Le Hay, who did wonders, and Mr. Dagnall and Mr. Robert Nainby, whose labours were of no little value. By the way, it is curious how much more amusing Mr. Le Hay manages to be when he is working his ventriloquial figures than when he is playing alone. Most of the music is by Mr. Napoleon Lambelet, who succeeds in giving life and movement, if not style, to it. The lyrics are by Mr. Risque, and have some comic ideas, not perhaps handled with great technical dexterity.



SOME OF THE CHARACTERS WHICH MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE IMPERSONATES IN "POT-POURRI," PICTURED BY MR. HANA.

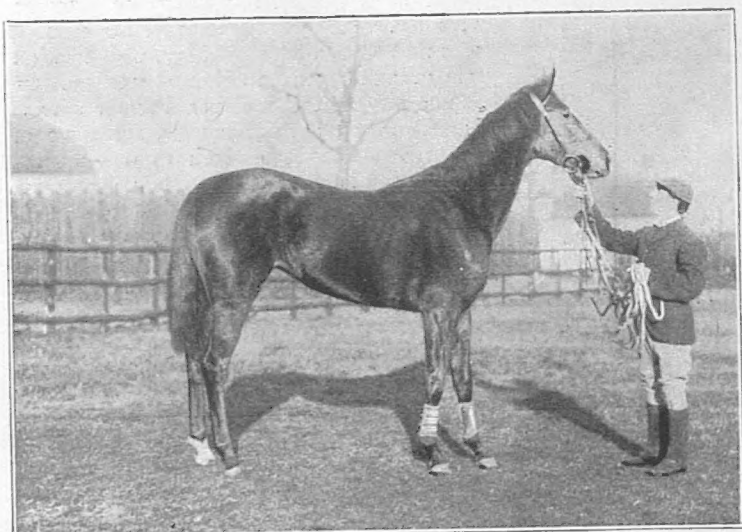
SOME OF THE HORSES THAT ARE RUNNING AT ASCOT.



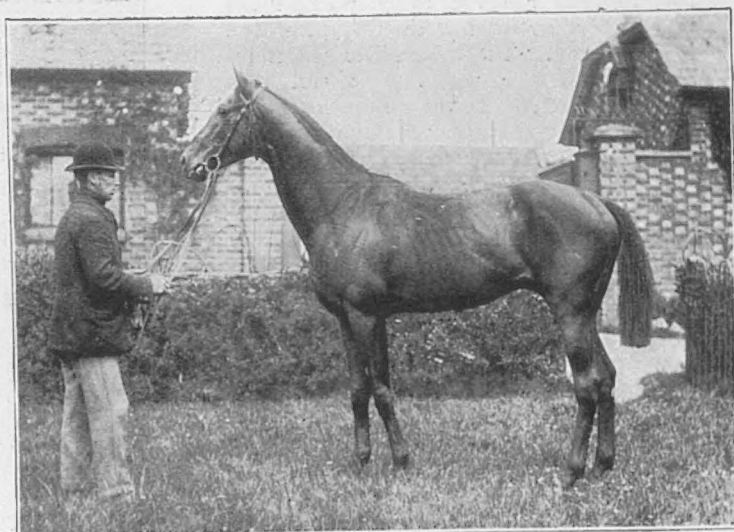
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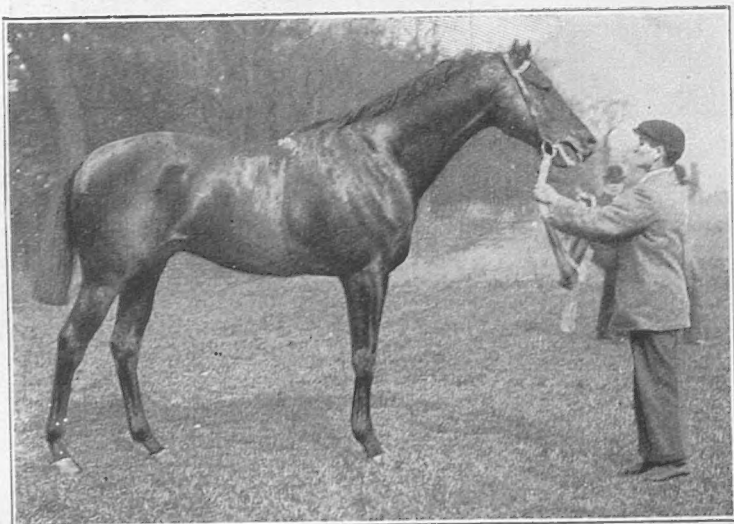
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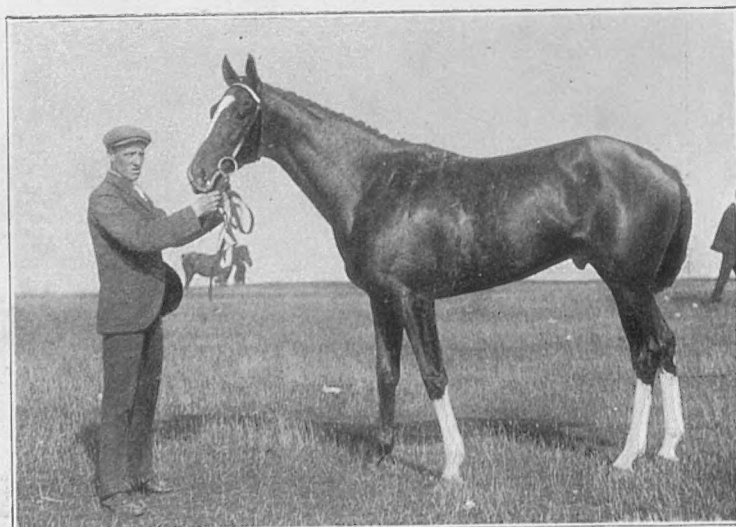
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"To the DIRECTORS of the PORTMAN ESTATE MANSIONS, LIMITED.

"GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with your instructions, we have attended and viewed the blocks of flats known as Bickenhall and Montagu Mansions, which we find to be advantageously situated on the Portman Estate, within a few minutes' walk of Portman Square, near Regent's Park, about half a mile from Hyde Park, and close to Baker Street Station on the Metropolitan Railway, from whence the City is reached in twenty minutes.

"They are handsome, modern, and substantial piles of buildings, conveniently arranged, well adapted to the position, and of the class most calculated to be in demand in the future as in the present. They are all let, and produce a present gross revenue of £28,222 per annum—a rental which, judging from the advance in the rents shown by recent experience, will be considerably increased in the future.

"We have made our own estimate of the outgoings (which exceeds the actual expenditure), and (subject to ground-rents amounting to £8600 a-year for terms of 82 and 86 years unexpired) after allowing for a sinking fund to recon the capital sum of £255,000 at the end of the terms, we are of opinion that the value of these two properties is the sum of Two hundred and fifty-five thousand and seventy-five pounds (£255,075).—We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants,
"99, Gresham Street, E.C., June 10, 1899."

EDWIN FOX and BONSFIELD.
Mr. Arthur Thompson, Surveyor to the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company and other insurance companies, who has a special knowledge of this class of property, has made the following confirmatory report, addressed to the Directors—

"Leadenhall Buildings, London, E.C.: June 12, 1899.

"To the DIRECTORS of the PORTMAN ESTATE MANSIONS, LIMITED.
"GENTLEMEN,—I made, as requested, a survey of Montagu and Bickenhall Mansions, W. I found them to be substantially built, and the workmanship throughout undeniably good; the internal arrangements are admirably planned and adapted to suit modern requirements. The situation is excellent.

"I have examined the whole of the leases and agreements, and find that every flat is let, and apparently to tenants of a high class, and on repairing leases or upon agreements, with a total rent-roll amounting to over £28,000 a-year.

"After providing for the ground-rent, also the interest on the Debenture stock, there remains, I find, on the present lettings a balance of nearly £15,000 a-year, which I consider amply sufficient to meet all outgoings and repairs, pay the Preference dividends in full, and leave a surplus over.

"Referring to your request that I should express an opinion as to the future value of the property, and as to the valuation of Messrs. Fox and Bonsfield, I am, I find, able to confirm the same. On the completion of Montagu Mansions in 1896, I made a valuation of this property for mortgage purposes on behalf of an insurance company, and, again, early in 1893, and now for the third time. Comparing the original rentals of the first tenancies with the present ones, I find an increase of £855 a-year, and that the improvement upon the rentals where new tenants have been admitted amounts to over 22 per cent. As the rest of the original lettings fall in, I see no reason why a similar increase should not accrue, in which case there would be an improvement of upwards of £5000 a-year in rent-roll, and a consequent augmentation in the capital value.

"In my opinion, the mortgage for one hundred and seventy thousand pounds (£170,000) in favour of the Trustees for the Debenture stockholders is well secured, as also the dividend on the Preference Shares.—I am, your obedient servant,
"ARTHUR E. THOMPSON."

The anticipated improvement of £5000 a-year in the rental, referred to in the foregoing report, should enhance the capital value by fully £50,000, raising it to over £300,000.

The Vendor has fixed the purchase-price at £335,000, payable as to £250,000 in cash (less £6000, hereafter referred to), and as to the balance by the issue to him, as fully paid, of the whole of the Ordinary Shares. He also pays all stamps and costs connected with the transfer of the property and the formation of the company.

The agreements with new tenants contain a clause under which the tenant pays, on the expiration of the tenancy, a sum sufficient to provide for the redecoration of the flat, but, as the original agreements do not contain this clause, the Vendor has agreed to leave in the Directors' hands (besides the working capital of £5000 provided by this issue) a sum of £6000, referred to above, which will be gradually applied over a period of years in redecoration and general repairs. By the time the fund is exhausted there should be a large increase in the rentals, the lettings to new tenants having hitherto shown an average increase of 22 per cent. on previous rentals. The outgoings in addition to the ground-rent, including rates, taxes, water, lighting, and the premiums on the redemption policies, are estimated by the vendor at £6450 per annum.

A Leasehold Redemption Policy has been effected with the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation to redeem the Debenture Stock in 1932, which is before either of the leases expires, and as the stock is secured by a first mortgage upon high-class London property in a central situation, with the present margin of value of £85,000, and a prospective margin of £135,000, the Directors consider the Stock affords a security of the highest class.

A policy of insurance has also been effected to recon the Preference capital, the dividend on which is also well secured, as, after providing for the ground-rent and service of the Debenture stock, there remains on present lettings a surplus of nearly £15,000 a-year, which, as shown by Mr. Thompson's report, is sufficient to meet all outgoings and repairs, pay the dividend on the Preference shares, and leave a surplus over which will be available for dividend on the Ordinary shares.

Application for a quotation of the Debenture stock and Preference Shares on the London Stock Exchange will be made in due course.

Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors at the Company's offices, and from Messrs. Bellamy and Isaac, Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.
London, June 12, 1899.

NAVY NOTES.

Who would not be one of the sailor-boys who have left England for a long cruise in the Training Squadron? These ships are not of any account as warships, but they serve their purpose very well. They form the only sailing squadron in the British Navy, and their well-filled spreads of canvas are much more pleasing to the eye than the most powerful and imposing-looking steam-warship. The Training Squadron, after spending some time off the Channel Islands and the Scotch coast, will begin the most interesting part of the three months' cruise. When the ships leave Scotland, they will cross over to Norway, stopping for a short time at Molde, Trondhjem, Bergen, Christiansund, and Stavanger. In this way the summer months will soon fly, plenty of hard work keeping the boys from becoming demoralised by all their sight-seeing, for this is the time when they put into practice all the seamanship that they have previously learnt in one or other of the training-ships that are dotted round the British and Irish coasts. At the end of August, the squadron will again cross over to the Scotch coast, and after a two days' visit to Oban, the cruise will end at Portland in the middle of September, and the ships will return to the naval ports for fresh batches of boys before starting on the winter cruise; this will be to the West Indies probably.

Yet another naval hospital, this time at Pembroke. For such a large navy, many well-equipped hospitals are a necessity, but it will probably surprise many persons to learn that, besides the large establishments at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, there is a small hospital at Dartmouth for the cadets, and other hospitals at Haulbowline, near Cork, at Yarmouth, and at Portland, and that there are others at Malta, Gibraltar, Bermuda, Jamaica, Ascension, the Cape of Good Hope, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Esquimalt, Coquimbo, Trincomalee, and Sydney. In some of these cases the sick-quarters are very unpretentious, but, such as they are, very numerous. And now no less than £12,000 is to be laid out on the hospital at Pembroke, which will, of course, serve for the Dockyard as well as for any ship calling there.

A very sensible regulation has been issued by the Admiralty with reference to the employment of foreigners in the Royal Dockyards. The authorities cannot control the actions of the private firms who build many of our warships, but, at least, they have every right to see that only British-born subjects shall be employed in the royal establishments. We may man the mercantile marine with foreigners, but, at least, we should have our warships built by our own kith and kin.

I referred the other day to our imitation of French warlike inventions; but here is a case in which the French are following in our steps. Everyone who was at the last Spithead Naval Review must remember the little *Turbinia*, which flitted about at such a marvellous speed. Some time ago the Admiralty gave an order for a torpedo-boat destroyer to be built on the same principle. It has been under construction for several months past, and her builders have high hopes of securing a speed of over 35 knots an hour, which is equal to about forty and a-half ordinary land-miles. The French have been watching all these events, and they have just decided that they also must have one of these little craft. A contract has just been signed at Havre for this ship. It will be very small, having a displacement of only 40 tons, whereas British destroyers are of from 250 to nearly 400 tons.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING at 9, THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones. At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT, TO-MORROW, and FRIDAY, at 8.15, CAPTAIN SWIFT. By Haddon Chambers. Followed at 10.30 by THE FIRST NIGHT.

LAST MATINEE TO-DAY (Wednesday) at 2.15.
SATURDAY NEXT, June 17, THE MUSKETEERS. By Sydney Grundy.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open daily 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

LAST NINE NIGHTS.
IN DAYS OF OLD. By Edward Rose.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
Box Office (Mr. Arnold) 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION,

EARL'S COURT, WEST BROMPTON, and WEST KENSINGTON.
Director-General—MR. KIRALFY.

Admission Daily, 1s.

VICTORIA. BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, WEST AUSTRALIA, and other COLONIAL SECTIONS.
GREAT MINING COURT.

BAND of the GRENADIER GUARDS, BAND of the HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY, The LONDON EXHIBITIONS' ORCHESTRAL BAND.

GRAND SPECIAL FREE ATTRACTIONS DAILY. HAJEX and ATHENE, High Rope Walkers. The Great Canadian WATER CHUTE. THE EGYPTIAN CITY. Bicycle-Polo. African Gold-Mine. Tiger and Bear Show. Hong-Kong Opium Den. Great Panorama. Royal Bioscope. Swan Boats.

THE GREAT WHEEL, 300 FEET HIGH.

"SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA"

in the
EMPERESS THEATRE.
GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION.

Realistic Representation of Life in the Wilds of Africa. Depicted by Fillis's Monster Aggregation.

TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 8.30.

Thousands of Reserved Seats at 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s.

1000 Matabeles, Basutos, Swazies, Transvaal Boers, Zebras, Wildebeests, African Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Immense Baboons, Wild Dogs, Elephants.

THE ORIGINAL GWELO STAGE-COACH.

SEE THE KAFFIR KRAAL PEOPLED BY 300 NATIVES.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.

85th EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS,
including BABY CASTLE, by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

NOW OPEN. ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Everybody knows what Lord Rosslyn and his sisters, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Warwick, are like, for they are all very much in evidence. But Lady Rosslyn is less familiar, and that is why I give her picture this week. Nine years ago, she was Miss Violet Alice Vyner, her father being Mr. Robert Vyner, whose mother was the daughter of the second Earl de Grey. On June 19, 1890, she married Lord Rosslyn, and has a son, Lord Loughborough, born in 1892, and a daughter, Lady Rosabelle St. Clair-Erskine, born in 1891. Her elder sister is married to Lord Alwyne Compton, the brother of the Marquis of Northampton. It is curious that the present Lord and Lady de Grey are interested in the playhouse (for they are intimately connected with the Opera) and that Lord Rosslyn has become a play-actor.

The Duke and Duchess of York lately paid a visit to Twickenham in order to open the new wing of one of the Boys' Homes in connection with the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. It is possible that some of the guests who were present to give their support to the Society may have envied the boys such a delightful home as Fortescue House. This is one of the few old mansions of any importance still left in Twickenham, and it has been preserved almost entirely unaltered. It is built of brick in the genuine old "Queen Anne Style," which is very different indeed from the modern imitation, and the entrance doorway in the centre of the building is formed of finely carved woodwork in the style introduced by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons. But little is known of the history of the house, except that, at the close of the last century, it was occupied by Lord Fortescue, from whom it takes its name. A startling change has been made since that time. No longer do stately ladies in trailing satin gowns pass up and down the fine staircase with its ornamental balustrades, or rustle through the panelled rooms; their place has been taken by some hundred and twenty active boys, and the trees in the fine old garden look down on military exercises and physical drill, instead of on the dainty flirtations and merry gossip of the Lady Bettys or Graces who were mistresses there when George III. was King. Though we may feel a twinge of regret at the transformation, yet Fortescue House is now playing a not unworthy part in the life of the nation, and, if it houses no statesmen, is, at any rate, sending out many good citizens.

Lord Kitchener's presence added to the piquancy of the Parliamentary discussions on the Battle of Omdurman. His critics in the House of Commons questioned the good taste of the General in listening to a controversy in which he was so keenly interested, but they were secretly pleased in knowing that he heard their criticisms. Lord Kitchener missed very little of what was said. He arrived before the discussion commenced and remained till it was over, leaving the Gallery only for a short time to dine with Mr. Balfour. His presence excited the strangers, and not least the ladies. The latter were able to watch him constantly, as he sat over the clock. A note reached him from their

Gallery, and it is to be hoped that not more than one lady took to herself the answer which was telegraphed by his eyes. In the House of Lords, too, where he stood beside war-hating Mr. Courtney in front of the throne, while the leaders of the two Parties vied with each other in his praise, the peeresses watched the handsome and victorious General with obvious interest and admiration. Many lords spoke to him as they went in and out. He was treated as a lion, everybody being proud of him.

Though the late Member for East Edinburgh did not like to be called "Dr." Wallace, among his constituents, and in the North generally, he was never designated in any other way. His feelings on this point were the cause of some inconvenience, seeing that there is another Mr. Robert Wallace, also a Scottish member and a barrister. Many of his colleagues persisted in speaking of him as "Dr. Wallace." It was by that name he was known in Scotland. In the Division Lists he was "Robert Wallace (Edinburgh)." There is, unfortunately, no longer any necessity to distinguish his namesake as Member for Perth.

During his ministry of Old Greyfriars, 1868-72, and while he was Professor of Church History in Edinburgh University, from 1872 till 1876, he was a close friend of Mr. Alexander Russel, the well-known Editor of the *Scotsman*, and during this period contributed to that journal numerous articles on political and ecclesiastical topics. In the years mentioned the influence of Dr. Wallace as a leader in the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk was paramount, and his speeches never lacked the qualities of satire and wit. Mr. Wallace found his duties, as Russel's successor, somewhat irksome, and he never regretted his severance from the *Scotsman*, which has always studiously avoided criticism of the late Member for East Edinburgh, or anything approaching disrespect of his political views, to

which it was opposed. Of late years Mr. Wallace had not been in good health; not long since he suffered a double bereavement, and he was a victim to more than one attack of influenza. This hindered progress with the monograph on "George Buchanan," which he undertook for the "Famous Scots" series, and his numerous friends will learn with regret that there will be no "Reminiscences."

Mr. Wallace will be missed in the House of Commons. He was one of its most entertaining speakers. Scottish members are supposed to be dull; but their reputation in that respect is exaggerated, and certainly the House was always interested by Mr. Wallace. His broad humour, his emphatic manner, and his independence saved all his speeches from commonplaceness. The House liked him, as it likes every man of strong individuality who is not a humbug. His political career could scarcely have realised his expectations. He saw men with negative virtues and small talents rising to lucrative posts while he was passed over; but, as a rule, he seemed in good and even in high spirits. In the Classics he forgot the mediocrities who assumed such airs on the Front Benches.



THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

A church in which only two services are held during the course of any one year is surely a curiosity, yet you will find such an one in the middle of a large field near the village of Towton. It was originally erected as a memorial to Lord de Clifford, who fell in the Battle of



A CHURCH IN WHICH SERVICES ARE HELD ONLY TWICE A YEAR.

Towton in 1461. Services were instituted for the purpose of praying for the repose of his soul and those of his followers who fell in that historic battle. They might have been discontinued long ago did not the Vicar of Ryther, in whose parish the church is situated, receive the tithes from no less than 1009 acres of land that are dedicated to the little sanctuary. The first of the two services for the present year was held a few weeks ago, when the small building was crowded to its utmost limits with a congregation of ninety-six persons.

Disgust has been caused in this country by the desecration of rural landscapes with advertisement hoardings, particularly alongside railway lines, and the same conflict of business enterprise and æsthetics is now going on on the Rhine. High up on one of the hills on the right bank of the river, near Boppard, a gigantic signboard has been erected bearing the name of a food-product now being extensively pushed in England. The advertisement is legible from the bottom of the valley, and is, of course, meant to be so. Very properly, an outcry has been raised against this invasion of the *réclame* agent, and the owner of the vineyard in which the monstrosity has been put up has been proceeded against by the local authorities. The district Court has ordered the removal of the hoarding, but an appeal against this decision is being made. Some people think the Rhine has been desecrated quite enough already by the erection of sham ruins and the conversion of the genuine ones into restaurants. This would be nothing, however, to the outrage now threatened, and, though bill-posting stations have their place in latter-day civilisation, they might be dispensed with on the Rhine. "Die Wacht am Rhein" could be sung with new meaning now.

I am always struck with the great instability of London. For so old a town, it is fearfully modern. Why, even its Georgian architecture



ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH AS IT USED TO BE.

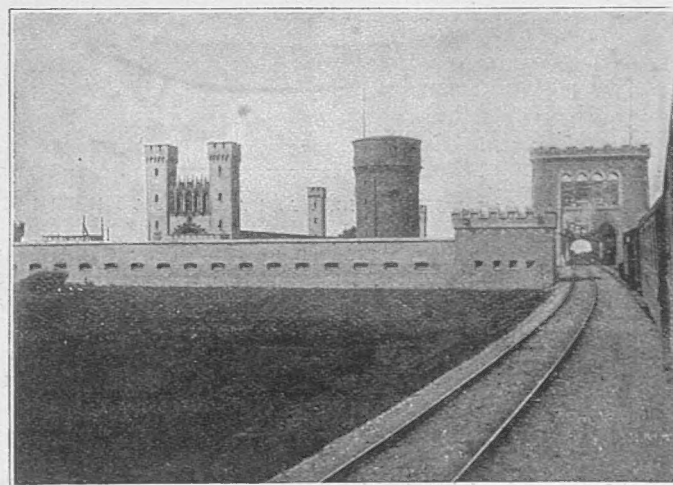
When the mannikins striking the hour were removed, Charles Lamb wept.

is not allowed to remain. For example, this much-talked-about new street to Holborn (taking the most expensive route) is going to plough through my beloved New Inn, and sweep away I don't know what; and now the church of St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street, is threatened. The architect of the modern church, which is sixty-five years old, purposely

left open spaces on the east and west sides, doubtless with the sole intention of providing a good view of the very beautiful Gothic tower. It is now proposed to build over both of these open spaces, so that practically the whole of the church will be obscured from view, with the exception of the front of the tower and the lantern. The old church, which I illustrate, stood much farther into Fleet Street. The two figures which guarded the clock were bought by the Marquis of Hertford for his villa (now called St. Dunstan's) in Regent's Park. Charles Lamb wept when he saw them removed.

All humane people will echo the indignant protest made by Mr. Vaughan Kirby in his new book, "Sport in East Central Africa" (Rowland Ward), against the barbarous practice of firing at hippopotami from steamers. It appears to be the orthodox "amusement" of idle passengers on the boats that run on the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers to keep handy a loaded rifle to empty into any wretched hippo that may show itself. The unfortunate beasts are, of course, rarely killed outright in this fashion, and frequent wounds render an otherwise timid and inoffensive beast savagely vindictive. Mr. Kirby, no doubt, hits the nail on the head when he says that the "unprovoked attacks" now so often made by hippos on passing canoes are due to this target-practice, which teaches the animal to regard every craft as a foe. When the author realised how general was this practice of using hippos as targets, he made a point of counting the bullets his native boys cut out of carcasses shot for food: they found, on an average, four and a-half bullets in each hippo, without counting those, or that, which had killed it! This book is well worth reading.

A journey from the Russian frontier to Berlin is very uninteresting, as far as scenery and variety of landscape go, but in certain respects it



WHAT A MODERN FORTRESS IS LIKE.

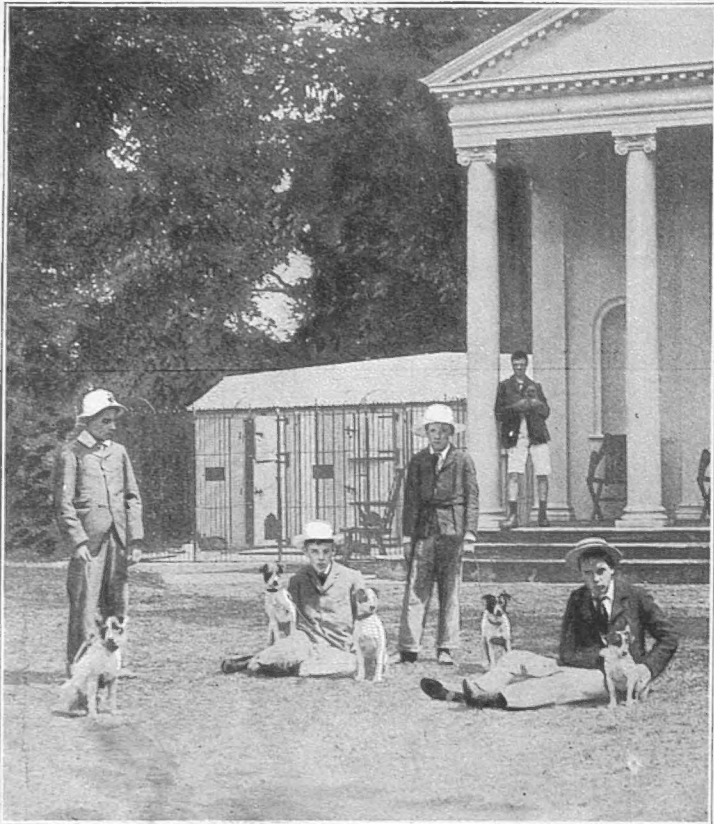
Fortifications at the Eastern Ends of Bridges over the Vistula, at Marienburg. Photographed by Simeon Linden.

presents not a few curious features. The fast train which whirls the traveller from Eydtkhunen to Berlin passes on its way through, or by, several large fortresses, the most imposing among them being those of Königsberg, Dirschau, Marienburg, and Küstrin. These and the fortified bridges over the more important rivers, playing the part of significant reminders of war, never fail to arrest the attention of one new to the country.

The interesting snapshot, taken from the train, shows the fortified approaches of the bridges over the Vistula at Marienburg. The ornamental bridge to the left is for vehicular traffic, that on the right carrying the railway across the river. Both are connected by embrasured outworks, which could promptly be converted into really formidable defences in case of need. On each bank a watch-tower is erected. The entrances to the bridges are furnished with massive steel gates, loop-holed for rifle-fire, and, in the event of an invasion of Northern Germany, a sudden seizing of these important strategic positions would prove to be no easy matter.

A correspondent writes to me from Baden-Baden that he is at a loss to understand why that delightful corner of the Schwarzwald is not more in favour with English visitors at this time of the year. A race-meeting takes place at Baden in August, under the patronage of two well-known English sporting enthusiasts, Lord Rothschild and Mr. Chaplin, M.P., and it is in that month that the greatest influx of visitors is witnessed. Those, however, who know the watering-place only in the full heat of summer, should see it at Whitsuntide, when the Lichtenthaler Allée is white with the blossom on the chestnut-trees and the air is perfumed with the scent of azaleas. The gambling-tables made Baden originally. They were closed in the early 'seventies, after the unification of Germany, and the Casino is now a conventional "Conversationshaus." In recent years Baden has owed much of its popularity to the frequent visits of the late Empress Augusta. The Spa receives no support, however, from the present Imperial Court.

What piping times the modern schoolboy has! At Clayesmore, Enfield, for instance, he is actually encouraged to keep dogs, for the masters believe that the "possession of a dog is an open sesame to many chambers in the great temple of Natural History. . . . Dog-keeping is the surest antidote to home-sickness, and effectually dispels that chill and



THE BOYS AT CLAYESMORE SCHOOL ARE ALLOWED TO KEEP DOGS.

formal atmosphere that may pervade a school to the exclusion of all warm and natural affections." At most public schools the privilege is not granted, but the boys keep dogs all the same, with the disastrous result that they do so "on the sly" at some outside livery-stable, or among the small cottagers. At the *Britannia* training-ship a good pack of beagles is maintained, but this is altogether different to the individual ownership permitted at Enfield.

The Kennel Club at Clayesmore, which stands at the end of an undulating old English archery-lawn, is a model ancient Greek temple, with four Corinthian pillars with Dorian capitals. The Club is managed by a Committee of the boys, with one of the masters as President. English or Irish terriers are found to be the best breeds—bigger dogs being inconvenient, for many reasons. Such matters as regular exercise, cleaning, cooking, feeding, washing, and other duties, are arranged by the Committee, and carried out by members without the aid of servants. These duties can be discharged without interference with cricket or football, in odd leisure times, when boys might otherwise be engaged in the unhealthy occupation of walking about aimlessly. A well-thumbed reference-book on Natural History in the Club Kennel-Room bears evidence of the impetus which such a pastime exercises in stimulating curiosity in that direction. The experiment was begun three years ago, and last week a new kennel, constructed by Spratt, of dog-discount fame, was opened by Lady Warwick. The kennel is built of wood and corrugated iron over a cement foundation, and surrounded by light railings, with a bevy of fine old English oaks and elms interspersed with towering firs and flanked by giant rhododendra. Lady Warwick opened the door of the Kennel Club House, and declared the new buildings open, amidst the cheers of the boys, the captain of whom then presented her ladyship with a magnificent bouquet.

A similar function was held at the Women's Medical School last Saturday week, when the students organised a dog show in aid of the Building Funds. All the dogs were connected, through their owners, with the noble art of healing; most of them were masters or mistresses of arts—of barking and howling—and one begged with a pertinacity worthy of General Booth's soldiers in Self-Denial Week. The Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., were among the patronesses, and neither heat nor barking sufficed to prevent a large crowd from assembling. There were some splendid exhibits, the best being tastefully laid out in the dissecting-room, where they yelped as though the ghosts of all past "subjects" were there to frighten them. Down below, in the neighbourhood of theatres and "labs," yet incomplete, all assembled to see the judging, gossip with friends, and do justice to refreshments that reached a high standard of excellence. One could eat recklessly, happy in the knowledge that the fair dispensers of good things could cure as well as cater. The people who do not like lady doctors will run down the Show, and say the Women's Medical School has gone to the dogs for want of money to complete building operations.

Passing through the Natural History Museum a day or two ago, my eye was arrested by a case which apparently contained a grey, duck-like bird facing its own ghost. The official "no passage" barrier precluded closer inspection, and for five minutes I stood staring at the case, unable to make out what that wraith-like, almost invisible bird-form might be. I had given it up, when the descriptive tablet, which had been pushed aside, came to my assistance. The exhibit is designed by a clever American naturalist to show why Nature has coloured most wild beasts and birds dark above and light below. The visible bird was a model clad in flannel of dingy-grey, and against a background of similar hue it showed up distinctly, thanks to the light on its back and its own shade. Its ghost-like companion, clad in the same way, owed its invisibility to the cunning application of a little dark paint on its back and a little white paint underneath, after the fashion affected by scores of birds. It seems incredible that such painting could make the difference, but so it is. If you are in the neighbourhood of the Museum, you should make a point of seeing this curious exhibit; as an object-lesson in animal coloration it is a stroke of genius.

It is surprising how careful Government departments are with reference to the regulations laid down for them. An instance has just occurred that illustrates this very effectively. Stoker Lynch, in September 1897, risked his life in endeavouring to save that of his "chum," Paull, on the occasion when the torpedo-boat destroyer *Thrasher* went ashore on the Dodman Point on the Cornish coast. Paull died, but it was thought that Lynch would pull through; but he was never really well again, and, after a long illness, he died this spring at his Irish home, after receiving the Albert Medal for his bravery. Under the regulations, Lynch's mother was entitled to neither pension nor gratuity; but the authorities at Whitehall drew up an elaborate petition to the Queen, with the result that, at a recent Court at Windsor, a special Order in Council was issued authorising the Admiralty to give Mrs. Lynch an allowance. This, with the sum subscribed by the officers and men of some of the ships of the Fleet, will at least prevent her experiencing actual want. She has still the assistance of another son in the Navy, also a stoker.

Rear-Admiral Fanshawe, who has just hoisted his flag in the battleship *Magnificent* as Second Admiral in Command of the Channel Squadron, comes of good naval stock. His father, Admiral Sir Edward G. Fanshawe, joined the Navy nine years before the Queen came to the throne, and, though now considerably over eighty years of age, he is still in good health, and was at Devonport the other day to see his son take over his new position. This veteran officer was present at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre in 1840, was the captain of the *Cossack* during the Baltic Campaign, a Lord of the Admiralty, and twenty years ago retired from the position of Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth—the



LADY WARWICK DECLARING THE KENNEL CLUB AT CLAYESMORE OPEN.

From Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Blue Ribbon of the Naval Service. His son, Rear-Admiral A. D. Fanshawe, is only fifty-two years of age, so that there is every probability that he will receive several other appointments after he has carried his flag in the *Magnificent* for the customary year. I believe he has not hoisted his flag before.

Quite a warlike show was given, free, gratis, and for nothing, at Margate the other morning, when up from the eastward there steamed a long line of viperish-looking little war-vessels, carrying the white ensign aft. They bore swiftly down upon the jetty, at the head of which popular resort they anchored. The visitors proved to be seven torpedo-boat destroyers, and they were a source of much interest to residents and visitors during the day. They were joined by Port-Admiral Hotham's

handsome steam-yacht, and made a very picturesque addition to the brightness of the scene. "They'll all 'ave to get out of the way, they will, when the *Sov'rin* and them other boats comes along," exclaimed a tripper. The idea of her Majesty's ships moving their anchorage for an excursion-steamer did not appear in the least ludicrous to the tripper and her friends, who found, much to their surprise, that the various steamboats had to make their way among the war-craft as best they could. About nine o'clock in the evening a stiff gale from the north-east got up, and the little flotilla, which had intended to remain the night, "upped" anchor, and moved off again to the eastward, their lights flashing on the darkened waters like some moving tangled web of stars.



THIS LIGHTHOUSE WILL BE MOVED
BODILY AT LOWESTOFT NESS.

of the East Coast, more especially on parts of Lincolnshire and Suffolk. Lowestoft Ness is always considered the most easterly point of England; but, if the sea washes away much more of the beach, it will soon cease to claim that distinction. Holiday-makers who have visited Lowestoft know the Low Light, a beacon which stands on the shore of the Ness Point, and which, when promenading the pier of an evening, they have doubtless watched as it blinked at them over the North Pier while on its revolving course. So rapid has been the inroad of the sea that this lighthouse has already been moved back twice, yet at the present time it is in such a dangerously exposed position, being frequently entirely surrounded by water, that it is to be shifted another step inland.

For some time the Trinity House Corporation have been undertaking preparations for this removal, but, of course, it is a rather long job. The new position will be somewhat to the south of the present one, and the foundations are now being constructed. They consist of a number of huge wooden piles, about ten inches square, driven some twenty feet into the sand and shingle. A set of rails is being laid between these two positions, on which a low truck will be placed. By means of screw-jacks, the lighthouse will be lifted bodily upon this, and will then be drawn slowly and carefully into its fresh resting-place, till it stands securely on its new foundations, where it will be firmly fastened. But, if the hunger of the sea is not yet appeased, a time will come when still another move must be made, and, if the position is altered much, it will necessitate a different scheme of lights.



This drinking-fountain and trough, designed by Mr. Joseph Whitehead, has been presented to Ipswich by Mr. Henry Tacon, ex-Sheriff of the County of Suffolk.

SO THAT IPSWICH MAY DRINK ADAM'S WINE.

A walk from Margate through Kingsgate to Broadstairs is an admirable breather in this delightful weather, and lunch at the new Grand Hotel—of which views were given in *The Sketch* last week—is by no means to be despised. The hotel is a wonderful improvement on the old Grand. It is a huge place, and seems, when viewed from the older portion of the little "Dickens" town, out of all proportion to its surroundings. But the air, the scenery, and the excellent appointments should fill it.

I was wrong last week when I spoke of the "late Mr. William Wright," whose fine collection of books is being sold at Sotheby's this week. Mr. Wright, I am happy to say, is in the pink of health.

In view of Madame Bernhardt's appearance as Hamlet this week, Messrs. Bell's edition of the play in their beautiful "Chiswick Shakspeare," illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw, is very timely. Each volume costs only eighteenpence.

Mr. E. V. Lucas's anthology of poems on outdoor life, entitled "The Open Road," has been beautifully got up by Mr. Grant Richards. There are one or more errors in it, however. Thus—

For "Ode on Intimations of Immortality (from *Recollections of Early Childhood*)" [thus italicised, as if it were the title of a book], read "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from *Recollections of Early Childhood*."

The yearly outing of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway station-masters and inspectors took place last week, when, as usual, the engines were decorated. This photograph represents the company's biggest engine, "Bessemer." By the way, the company announce that they have organised a new express-train for Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, leaving London Bridge at 9.40 a.m. every week-day, and due at Portsmouth at 12.10 p.m. A corresponding express-train, with connections from the Isle of Wight, leaves Portsmouth Harbour at 4.40 p.m., and is due in London at 7 p.m.



AN ENGINE OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

The wood water-pipes recently found in Oxford Street were not oak (as I said), but elm.

In Club and coulisse there is much laughter, not of the kindest sort, over the disappointment that came to certain people in connection with the Birthday Honours List. For some few days before the fateful Saturday the chances of many men formed a popular subject of discussion. Two Members of Parliament, one gentleman known to the stage, and a prominent publicist were undoubtedly under the impression that the time had come when a grateful country could no longer overlook claims of such magnitude as theirs. I think, if I expected an honour, I would be content to remain very quiet, and would express considerable surprise when the honour arrived. One gentleman, not unknown to me, refused a knighthood not very long ago because he desired something better. He is still waiting. Another gentleman gave a big luncheon-party not many years ago, and his health was proposed by a rather fulsome eulogist, who said, "I rise to ask you to drink to our friend Blankety Blank; I suppose in a few hours we shall be calling him Sir Blankety Blank." There was loud applause, but it could not have reached Whitehall, for the gentleman remains Mr. B. Blank to this day. Call no man a knight until the Honours List is published and you are quite sure there are no two people of the same name in the country. In this way is confusion avoided. The name whose absence from the Honours List has created most surprise is that of the Member for Canterbury—Mr. Henniker-Heaton.

Mr. Charles Frohman has decided not to bring over Miss Maud Adams and company for a few special performances of "Romeo and Juliet," and hence we shall be unable to judge which of the utterly opposed sets of New York criticisms of her performance of Juliet was the right one. Another Juliet just now interesting American audiences is that of Miss Julia Arthur, and she, I observe, has the Balcony Scene set in an unusual way, nearly in the centre of the stage, instead of at one of the sides.

In Ceylon, as in many other parts of the world, a man who falls ill believes himself possessed of evil spirits, and, under these circumstances, the ordinary doctor gives place to those whose profession is the exorcism of devils. The only recognised method of banishing evil spirits is to frighten them; hence the hideous masks worn by the exorcists, who also, from dusk to dawn, what time devils mostly come around, recite incantations. If the patient does not get well after a few nights of this treatment, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he has had the benefit of the best available advice known to Cingalese science. The masks worn by the Devil-dancers are made of plaster and gaudily painted, some to represent mythological beasts remotely resembling more or less familiar animals; others appear to have been conceived in delirium tremens and executed in lunacy. Native chiefs with a taste for the grotesque are sometimes preceded by Devil-dancers and musicians on occasions of high ceremony.

On Monday evening, July 3, at nine o'clock, the Elizabethan Stage Society will act "Sacontalá; or, The Fatal Ring," an Indian drama by Cálédás, in the Conservatory of the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, by kind permission of the Council. "Sacontalá," or "Sakootala," as it is also called, is a most pleasing and authentic picture of old Hindu manners, and one of the greatest curiosities that the literature of Asia has yet brought to light. Its author, Cálédás, lived in the first century before Christ, when the reigning King gave encouragement to poets, philosophers, and mathematicians, at a time when Britons were both unlettered and unpolished. Nine men of genius, commonly called the "Nine Gems," attended his Court, and were splendidly supported by his towns, and Cálédás is unanimously allowed to have been the brightest of them.

This maid, the youngest harpist in the world, appeared at the Holderness Music Salon last week. Her father, Mr. Sidney Hemming, is a well-known harpist. I heard her play "Watching the Wheat," executing the arpeggios with faultless accuracy and surprising brilliancy and power. The Bach-Gounod "Meditation" followed, played with delightful charm, and then father and daughter united in a spirited duet of Irish airs on the small harps. She is passionately fond of music, and would practise all day if she were allowed. She is restricted, however, to two hours. Her first appearance was at the big Primrose League At-Home in February, where she had a great success, and since then has appeared at a good many concerts and receptions, and is engaged for the



CINGALESE DEVIL-DANCERS.

Londoners have had only one topic during the last few days, for we have looked pathetically at one another in a damp sort of way, and said, "Ain't it 'ot?"

The Summer was delayed;
Now, it's eighty in the shade,
And you long to be arrayed
Like a Scot.
You cannot touch a chop,
And you gain the bus's top,
Where you murmur, as you mop,
"Ain't it 'ot?"

In your hat and coat of black
You feel desperately "slack,"
Till your lunch (the merest "snack")
Is forgot.
In a hundred-odd degrees,
When there's not a breath of breeze,
You descend to Cockneyese—
"Ain't it 'ot?"

The asphalte reeks and sweats,
And your brow runs rivulets
As you utter epithets
On your lot;
For, while girls may dress in prints,
You're condemned to sombre tints—
Which are quite as bad as splints,
When it's "ot."

Then your syntax won't go right
When the sun is at its height,
And your grammar takes to flight
On the spot,
While your "h's" disappear
At this season of the year,
For they're melted to a mere
"Ain't it 'ot?"

The ice-cream barrows stand
At the corners of the Strand,
And the hokey-pokey band
Has to "swot,"
While the brimming beaker's clink
'Mid a froth of "fizzing" drink
Seems to tell us (you would think)
"Ain't it 'ot?"

Then the horses that you meet
In the Park or in the Street
Are precluded by the heat
From a trot.
Till the lather on the bay
Or the chestnut seems to say
In a helpless sort of way,
"Ain't it 'ot?"

The sun breaks out in gold,
And the fields are dust, not mould,
For Nature speaks a bold
Polyglot;
And, go where'er you will,
You are just reduced to nil,
So you hear the cliché still—
"Ain't it 'ot?"



MISS WINNIE HEMMING, THE YOUNGEST HARPIST IN THE WORLD.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Scotch Festival at the Royal Albert Hall in November. Several eminent musicians and critics have heard her and spoken very highly of her powers. So, too, has the Duchess Elizabeth of Wellington, who was a very accomplished player earlier in the century, when the harp was the fashionable instrument.

Here is a curiosity if you like—a plate decorated by a design made out of 620 stamps, or rather, the beautiful engraved circle that runs round the central portraits. The plate is covered with a film of opal, and then the stamps are laid on carefully. Think of the infinite laboriousness of it all! But when the artist can turn out so pretty a design, the work is worth doing.



A PLATE DECORATED WITH 620 AMERICAN STAMPS.

Englishmen, and of their natural thirst as Anglo-Saxons, as to allow the Queen's Birthday to pass without drinking the royal health. The oldest inhabitant assured me that he met the Mayor in the street and rebuked him; the representative of authority remained unmoved, heartless and thirstless! "In days of old," said my jolly companion, as he almost dragged me to a neighbouring hostelry and drank loyal toasts with relish and enthusiasm, "men did their duty; we had Mayors to be proud of." His hospitality was unbounded, and embraced several men who, owing to the heat of the day, had been suddenly called to the bar. I promised that Lincoln's lack of loyalty should receive the punishment of publication, and escaped, hoping that the oldest inhabitant would not qualify himself for an appearance before the Mayor in the character of a defendant rather than a complainant. For while June days are long and short drinks are fleeting, loyalty is inexhaustible.

If there is one thing more than another that demonstrates the changes that have come over the Lyceum, it is the disappearance of Mr. Joseph Hurst, whose spectacles no longer peer at you from the box-office. For Mr. Hurst was at the Lyceum before Sir Henry Irving was, having gone there in 1871, under old Bateman. Mr. Hurst has been a journalist in his time (he once edited the *Tattler*). He learned the business of the box-office at Mitchell's, in Bond Street, long ago, and he has lived to see so many changes in playland that scarce a figure on the stage whom he knew as a lad is there to-day. Hence, the matinee in his behalf at the Lyceum on Friday week, should bring a bumper house, especially as Mr. John Hollingshead has the arrangements in hand.

In the assault on the French President at the races last Sunday week, among the several women, the Duchess d'Uzès is said to have taken part in the demonstration. Madame d'Uzès is the most militant woman Royalist in France. Gossip credits her with having played a rôle in all the intrigues hatched during the last thirty years against the Third Republic. In particular, she is said to have been active in the Boulanger plot, and to have kept that intrigue afloat with her money.

Inheritor of one of the oldest titles in France, with a vigorous personality that exercises itself not only in politics, but in sports, in

The oldest inhabitant of the good and loyal City of Lincoln threatens to write a leading article to the *Times*. I met him a few days ago in his delightful town, and in course of conversation he remarked that, of course, I had no connection with newspapers. When I told him of his mistake, he begged me to help him to write a leader for Printing House Square. He deposed that the Mayor and Corporation of the Cathedral City had so far forgotten the claims of their natural duty as loyal



MR. JOSEPH HURST, ONCE BOX-OFFICE KEEPER AT THE LYCEUM.

charity, in literature, in art, Madame d'Uzès has a certain audacity or love of antithesis which often places her in surprising situations and makes her almost the only woman of the aristocracy that the French public knows anything about. A famous horsewoman, and owning one of the most important packs in France, in addition to her own preserves she rents from the State a part of the vast Forest of Rambouillet. The other part of this domain is reserved by the State as a shooting-ground for the President. It is needless to say that the two neighbours do not speak as they pass by. The Duchess handles an automobile with skill, though with some recklessness, since she was last year cited before a Police Court for over-speed in the streets. She is the only Society woman that permits the French papers to publish her portrait, though she sued an editor last month for 45,000 francs' damages for having published it without permission. Her charities, even, create a sensation. It was she that, after the execution of Ravachol, offered to take charge of the Anarchist's daughter. The offer was refused, and, in view of last Sunday's affair, it is a curious chance that, the President being in Lyons two Sundays ago, it was this same little daughter of Ravachol who was delegated to offer him the regulation bouquet.

As a writer, Madame d'Uzès has published several romances. More successful as a sculptor, she exhibits in the Salon under the name of "Manuela," and has embellished several cities with monuments of her handiwork. The State has been solicited on several occasions, in view of her generousities of the Duchess, to confer on her the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and has steadily refused.

The French Royalist is very much to the front. Hence, I have given some space in this issue to a description of the old French Royalist Chapel in Little George Street, Portman Square. Let me say here that

the Abbé Toursel holds an almost hereditary position at the chapel. For he succeeded his uncle, the Abbé Joseph Toursel, whose connection with the chapel stretches back to the 'forties, and from him inherits the tradition of "tears that time will never dry." Just a hundred years ago the Chapel was opened for the use of the French ecclesiastics who, in their thousands, had fled to England from the terror of "the nearest lamp-post." A great Frenchman once said that women must be protected by four walls or by the four Evangelists. Paris decided, at the end of the last century, that women should dispense with these protections, and it publicly whipped the nuns who had decided to retain them. From that day to this the French Chapel in the mews of Little George Street has been the head-centre of the various groups of French men and women who have had to seek safety and hospitality within the four seas of England. Over these the Abbé Toursel has exercised his pastorate for nearly thirty years, the sole responsibility falling upon his shoulders for half that period, since the death of his uncle in 1884. He has kept a Silver Jubilee and been presented with a purse; he has had Kings among his congregation; and he was one of the last to bid adieu to the Prince Imperial when he left England for Zululand.

The latest Cambridge magazine appeared last week, in the shape of *The Pink*. One of the Pink 'Uns had called at Buckingham Palace Road on Mabel Love, who told him that she prefers the University that she happens to be in for the time being. Edna May, on the other hand, told a young man from the *Cambridge Magazine* the other day that she knows "about fifty Oxford men, but not a single Cambridge man."

One of the most beautifully printed journals I have ever seen is a new periodical called *Finland*, described as "an English journal devoted to the cause of the Finnish people." It is a threepenny folio, printed (in red and black) in Morris type by the Chiswick Press, and edited by Mr. C. Harold Perrott, 106, Victoria Street, S.W. If you want to know what the Finns have to complain about—and, personally, I sympathise with them deeply—you will find it all in this remarkable-looking production.

From Bangalore I have received a copy of the libretto of "The Nizam's Blacksmiths," a tragedy in three acts written and composed by Mr. J. Clifford Jordan, Bandmaster Mysore Infantry, &c. The work claims to be the first serious attempt to represent on the stage Mahomedans in close relationship with Europeans. The story shows the kindness and forbearance of the Mahomedan character in the face of great aggravation and difficulty. The title-page of the libretto informs us that the piece exists in four forms: (1) as a tragedy; (2) as an opera; (3) as a potential ballad-opera; (4) as a novel. For all this, it does not appear that the work has yet been staged.

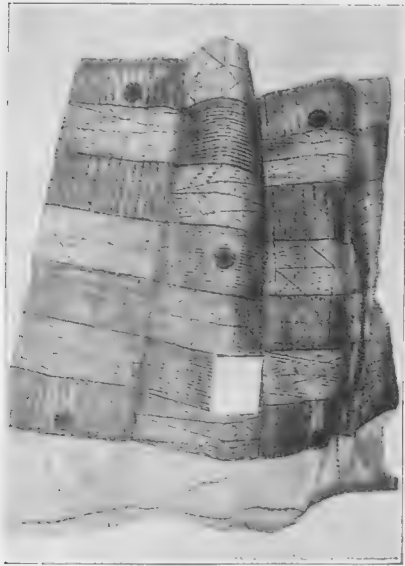


THE ABBÉ TOURSEL, OF THE FRENCH CHAPEL.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

It is just a quarter of a century now since the "Times Annual Summary" of events stated that a political occurrence of some moment had been the completion of the anticipated annexation of the Fiji Islands. The new acquisition, we are further informed, "provided Mr. Disraeli with the materials of an eloquent statement, that the present

Government had already extended the area of the Colonial Empire." But the really interesting aspect of the Imperial sanction was its deference to Australian aspirations, and thus was inaugurated that fostering of good-feeling with our colonies which the Secretary of these days has wonderfully advanced and cemented. The formal and unconditional surrender of Sovereign rights over the Fiji Islands was made by King Thackambau in Sydney in December 1874. This old Cannibal King was a magnificent specimen of material man, standing seven feet in height, and of like proportions. He was a man, too, of considerable judgment and foresight. On the great day the King wore the royal *tappa*, or native dress—a photograph of which is given. This robe is made of the



THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS
ONCE WORE THIS ROBE.

mulberry-leaf, and every bit of the felt-like material was manufactured by the King's wives—masticated, that is, by the royal ladies—and then coloured with native dyes. This relic of the cession was presented to the oldest captain trading to Sydney. Besides the unique nature of the fabric, the interest attaching to the event it recalls makes this Fiji *tappa* of rare value.

This interesting obelisk was erected at Sandiway, Northwich (Cheshire), by the late Hon. John Smith-Barry (grandfather of the Hon. A. H. Smith-Barry, M.P.), to the memory of a famous foxhound, the name of which has been immortalised in prose and song, and is known throughout the length and breadth of rural Cheshire. The monument is in a good state of preservation, and bears the following quaint inscription—

This obelisk, reader, is a monument rais'd
To a shade, tho' a hound, that deserves to be prais'd;
For if life's but a stage whereon each acts a part,
And true greatness a term that's derived from the heart;
If fame, honour, and glory depend on the deed,
Then, O Bluecap, rare Bluecap, we'll boast of thy breed!
If no tear, yet a glass we'll pour on the brute,
So high-famed as he was in the glorious pursuit.
But no more of this theme, since this life's but a race,
And Bluecap has gone to the death of the chase.

Bluecap, who died in 1771, was the property of the Hon. John Smith-Barry, founder of the Cheshire Hunt, and even to-day, although one hundred and twenty years and more have elapsed, stories of Bluecap's exploits are told at the ingle-side and wherever the sound of "Tally Ho" makes the welkin ring. Some of the tales have become legendary.

Bluecap ran for and won an estate which is still in the possession of the Smith-Barry family. Charles Wickstead, in his old song of "The Cheshire Hunt," says the hound had such an extraordinary speed as to require to be clogged to enable the rest of the pack to keep pace with him. He states, further, that a noted foxhound named Wanton, belonging to Mr. Hugo Meynell, was matched to run against Bluecap over Newmarket Racecourse for five hundred guineas, Bluecap winning easily. There is a story current that the old hound actually ran from London to Sandiway in two days, but there is no permanent record of this feat. One of the most valued possessions of the Smith-Barry family is an old painting of a fox-hunt, in which Bluecap is represented with a drag fastened to a chain and secured round his neck with a strap and buckle, to prevent him from leaving the rest of the hounds far behind in the chase. An ancient hostelry and a block of hunting-stables are named after the famous hound.



AN OBELISK THAT MARKS A
FOXHOUND'S GRAVE.

The Rifle Brigade will next year celebrate its centenary, and though, compared with the Royal Scots and many other regiments, it is quite a juvenile corps, yet, being a four-battalion regiment, it boasts of no less than fifty-four well-known battles, besides almost innumerable "little wars." Being a rifle regiment, it cannot bear these on the colours, having none; but its recognised "honours" amount to about thirty, or more than any regiment except perhaps the King's Royal Rifles, the old Sixtieth. It has been stated that the "Sweeps" have more than double the engagements to their credit than any other corps, but the Sixtieth, or "Sanguinary Sweeps," could successfully dispute this. However, the "Green Jackets" are raising a fund for the erection of a memorial in the Crimea to the thousand or so officers and men they buried there, and nearly £900 has already been subscribed. A few days ago the Duke of Connaught—now Colonel-in-Chief, but once a subaltern of the corps—supported by the Prince of Wales, presided at the Annual Dinner, and it was announced that after the memorial had been erected, and a stained-glass window had been placed in Winchester Cathedral to the memory of the Rifles who have died in the field, the balance of the Centenary Fund would be devoted to a Regimental Charity for disabled Riflemen. I think I am right in saying that the Brigade has already more funds than perhaps any regiment in the Service for purposes of the sort, for, being a crack corps, its officers are usually men of wealth and rank, and several in the past have shown their regard for their old regiment in a very practical way.

In view of the Kruger Conference, when Alfred scarcely proved himself the Great, this picture of the Telephone Tower at Johannesburg is interesting. After all, they know something at Johannesburg—as well as at Judee.

To become a Colonel in command at the age of forty-two is not a bad record, and in the good—or bad—old days would have been something of a phenomenon. Yet that is the age of Lieut.-Colonel T. F. A. Watson-Kennedy, who has been promoted to command the 1st Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, not the "Cameronians." Lieut.-Colonel Kennedy joined the "Black Watch"—the 42nd, not the 73rd—in 1875, and was with the "Sauvages d'Ecosse" at Tel-el-Kebir and in the Sudan Expedition in 1884, being at Temai and El Teb. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 he was with the River Column under Major-General Earle, and was severely wounded at Kirbekan. In 1893 he was promoted into the Camerons, and took part with them in the Dongola Expedition and the "smashing" of the Khalifa at Khartoum. Lieut.-Colonel Kennedy wears several medals, his first Egyptian one having no less than five clasps.



THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AT JOHANNESBURG.

Esprit de corps, together with a love for Polo, was perhaps never more in evidence than in the recent match at the Crystal Palace for the Army Cup. Lieutenant Neil Haig had come all the way from Western Australia—where he is Aide-de-Camp to the Governor, Sir Gerard Smith—for the second time to assist his regiment, the Inniskilling Dragoons. The biggest man of a big team, Lieutenant Haig practically won the match for his regiment, for he scored three goals off his own stick. It was generally thought that the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, who were splendidly mounted, and much lighter men, had the game in their own hands; but the man from "down under" did not travel all those miles for nothing, and in the end the Dragoons won by six to three.

A granddaughter of General Ulysses Grant, Miss Julia Deal Grant, whose father, General Fred D. Grant, is in command of some of the reinforcements sent to the Philippines, is said to be engaged to the bearer of a celebrated name, Prince Michael Cantacuzene, Count Speransky, of the Russian Imperial Guard. Miss Grant met the Prince at Rome. This "belle Américaine" is said to have captivated also the Prince of Turin and Prince Albert of Flanders. How lucky these Transatlantic daughters are—before marriage, at any rate!

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THE BEST ST. BERNARDS IN AMERICA.



CHANTWELL PRINCE IS WORTH £750.



CHAMPION LA PRINCESSE IS WORTH £2500.

St. Bernard Dogs are the hobby of Mr. Frank J. Gould, son of the late Wall Street magnate, Jay Gould, and brother of Mr. George J. Gould. Each dog has taken many prizes, and the kennels at Irvington are considered ahead of anything in America in point of construction.



CHANTWELL KITTY, HORNSEA COUNTESS, SANTA MONICA, AND HELEN M. ARE WORTH £2300.

THE CHAPEL IN LONDON WHERE FRANCE'S EXILED ROYALISTS ONCE PRAYED.

The French Chapel is in Little George Street, Portman Square; it is dedicated to St. Louis of France; and it has just kept its centenary. To Kings of France who were called Louis, and who were frankly sinners and not saints, the Chapel owes its very being, and most appropriately, therefore, bears the name. For the French Revolution was the reaction from the reign of Louis XIV., and to the French Revolution the founding of the Chapel is directly due.



THE FRENCH CHAPEL.

"To the lamp-posts!" That was the uncomfortable cry which met the ears of the Bishops and clergy of Paris when they answered the summons of the National Assembly in 1792 to show cause why they should not take the oath that was in their view an act of apostasy. In Paris two-thirds of the clergy were non-jurors, and in the provinces a yet larger proportion stood firm to their faith. Out of a grand total of one hundred and eight Bishops, only four separated themselves

from the great body of their brethren. The Bishop of St. Pol de Léon, a man of noble birth and a father of the poor, fled from his diocese when the soldiery were within hearing of his palace, and, in an English smuggler's open boat, crossed the Channel in a desperate storm and landed on the coast of Cornwall, when, at last, his companions found an opportunity for dodging the Customs officers of the King. The Bishop soon found himself lodged in London, to be one of the founders and supporters of the French Chapel in Little George Street, the centenary of which revives his romantic memory to-day.

Recommended by the dignity and fidelity they had shown before their foes, the non-jurors were made welcome in England—wonderfully welcome, since they were the professors of doctrines that even an Englishman could not then hold without some loss of political rights. Returns of the Custom House show that, in the first three weeks of September 1792, no fewer than 4045 priests fleeing from France landed at different ports along our coast; and others, as the story of the Bishop of St. Pol de Léon shows, landed without any communication with the Custom House at all. A committee of welcome was formed, of which the Duke of Portland and Mr. Burke were enthusiastic members, whether or not the Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor were mere figure-heads. Indeed, the "case of the Suffering Clergy of France, Refugees in British Dominions," sent to the Bishop of St. Pol de Léon to be issued to the public as an appeal for the support of men wholly destitute, though published anonymously, was very well known to be of Burke's own composing. It succeeded well enough, and every morning the Edgware Road was a sort of promenade for men, many of them of venerable appearance,

and most of them of distinguished manners, who, in secular dress that sat on them a little awkwardly, saluted each other sadly enough as they exchanged news of the progress of the revolution, but hardly without a smile at the incongruity of their garments, and, indeed, at all the rest of their environment. The laws of hospitality bound them closely. They did not seek to proselytise. "It is highly important," wrote the Bishop to his fellow-exiles, "not to enter into any argument relative to the government or religion of the country where we are so happy as to find an asylum." The "poor gentlemen," some of whom had lived in palaces, and who must have found time a little heavy on their hands now that their own occupation was gone, were, perhaps, in some cases, persuaded to be a little amused. Rumour said that some of them occasionally allowed themselves to be tempted and treated to the play. The Bishop declared that he was certain that no French priest dependent on the bounty of English citizens and the English Government would be so inconsiderate as to enter a theatre. Perhaps not.

If they could not proselytise, at any rate they could worship on their own account. In a cellar under a poulterer's shop in Paddington was their first altar reared. Then the Abbé Bourret secured the present site in the mews of Little George Street on which to build the little Chapel that was opened in 1799 by the Archbishop of Aix, assisted by sixteen French Bishops and many mitred Abbots, in the presence of a multitude of the clergy and several Princes and Princesses of the unhappy Royal House of France. Of that unique occasion, which could not, after all, be one of much rejoicing, the centenary has now been kept by the Abbé Toursel, the second member of his family to undertake the pastorate of the Chapel. King Louis XVIII. has there worshipped; before that altar has knelt a daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; there, in presence of the royal family, was pronounced the funeral oration over the Duc d'Enghien, judicially assassinated at Vincennes. Thus the little chapel in the stables at Paddington ranked with the Royal Chapels of Fontainebleau and Versailles when royalty had its turn again, and from 1815 to 1830 its revenues came from the King's treasury. By that time the old congregation of exiled priests had gone back to their own altars. To the nunneries of Paris got them back the Sisters of Charity and others who had fled thence lest they should share the fate of those of their number whom the mob had caught, stripped naked, and beaten to death with rods on the boulevards—an incident which gave sharper point to Burke's regrets for vanished "generous loyalty to rank and sex." Other times, other dynasties; and in that Chapel the Prince Imperial offered his last prayers before starting on his fatal expedition to South Africa. A modest enough little Chapel to look at, this London shrine of St. Louis, but an astonishing storehouse of memories it must be admitted to be, one that is melancholy with the ghosts of vanished glories, and that comprises in its own tale an epitome of a hundred years in the history of France.—W. M.



MANY A FRENCH ROYALIST (INCLUDING THE PRINCE IMPERIAL) HAS KNELT AT THIS SHRINE.

From Photographs by Bo'as, Oxford Street, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

It is interesting to compare the accompanying photograph and water-colour of the same scene. The comparison would probably have been more in favour of the photograph if the trees in it had been in foliage, and an appropriate sky printed in. The two pictures, however, speak for themselves, and show clearly the limitations of photography and the power of selection and rejection which is fortunately placed in the hands of the artist.

The third picture is an attempt at a silhouette by means of the camera. It is a representation of a disconsolate amateur photographer, at one of our Northern pleasure resorts, waiting hopelessly for the weather to clear up, during the recent Whitsuntide holidays. It is an indication of what may be done with the camera in this direction, and opens out the new possibilities of the button-presser.

Balzac seems to be a thorn in the side of the sculptors. Everybody will remember the sensation which was aroused last year when M. Rodin's statue

of Balzac was exhibited prominently in the Champ de Mars. On the one hand, an eclectic little band declared that the master of sculpture had revealed the master of letters in a symbol, "as in a glass darkly"; but that thought and contemplative meditation would in time bring the "face to face," the true Balzac before the eyes. Others declared that the thing was a monstrosity; one of those big failures, if you will, that a big man alone can make, but for that very reason only the bigger failure. There was a middle school who were of the persuasion of Mr. Claude Phillips, that the statue was an impossible monster, "vivified with a ray of Rodin's genius." Whatever may be the final verdict of posterity, if posterity thinks it worth while to consider



THE CAMERA AS A SILHOUETTIST.

the question at all, is scarcely a matter of much concern to-day. It is enough that Rodin's statue was condemned, and that the "Société des Gens de Lettres" ordered another statue of Balzac from M. Falguière.

Surely Rodin has the spirit of a true Christian, for he exhibits in the Champ de Mars section of the Salon a bust of Falguière. Meanwhile, what of Falguière's statue? For my own part, I have not seen it; but the author of the phrase quoted above, "an impossible monster vivified by a ray of Rodin's genius," Mr. Claude Phillips, has seen it, and he reports that, if such was the failure of Rodin, Falguière has managed to achieve a failure in precisely the opposite direction; for "this is too much the *bon bourgeois* in a dressing-gown." And again, "It is a possible statue for the open air; yet, for so distinguished a master as Falguière, a somewhat flabby performance." One is now wondering if the Société will be as content with the "*bon bourgeois* in a dressing-gown" as with the "impossible monster." If not, where will they find the meritorious artist capable of picking his way gingerly between two extreme poles of expression?

No announcement has as yet been made as to whether the temperate but quite unflinching criticisms of those naturally interested in such a matter have had any effect upon the announced intention of her Majesty to summon Herr von Angeli from abroad to paint what will in all probability be the last portrait of the Queen. It is to be devoutly hoped, however, that those criticisms



A COTTAGE AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA OF MR. VAUGHAN WALKER.

will have some effect. It is not pretended by any critic of responsibility that Herr von Angeli has special merit of any kind as a portrait-painter, and it is a fact that there is not in existence a single portrait of the Queen which has a real value on its artistic merits. Here would be an opportunity for—shall one say?—a Sargent, which would in days to come bring forth a combination of historical and artistic fruit such as that which we of this time pluck when we contemplate Vandyck's portrait of Charles I. in the National Gallery.

The recently completed painting of the Speaker's favourite dog, "Billy," whose matutinal walks in the streets of Westminster are as familiar as those of the First Commoner himself, has been hung in the private room of Mr. Edward Gully at Speaker's House. It was this particular animal which made itself historically famous one afternoon in the course of last Session, when the agitation against the Muzzling Order in London was at its zenith. By a somewhat curious coincidence, Mr. Walter Long, accompanied by Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. C. T. Ritchie, happened to enter Palace Yard just at the very moment that "Billy" was returning from his daily constitutional. Catching sight of the President of the Board of Agriculture, whom all self-respecting dogs regard as a veritable *bête noire*, he contrived somehow or other, to the intense amusement of her Majesty's Ministers, to slip his muzzle, as a silent protest, no doubt, on behalf of a very large class of canine sufferers—who are now once more hoping to be soon relieved of their encumbrance—outside the walls of Parliament.



THE SAME COTTAGE AS PAINTED IN WATER-COLOUR BY MR. W. H. BURNS.

QUEER OLD CLOCKS.

The spirit of eager haste which dominates our modern life makes a rigid economy of time indispensable. A singular interest attaches itself, therefore, to any historical description of the ancient art of horology,



A FENCING-SOLDIERS WATCH.

the perfection of which is so necessary to our comfort. All lovers of the curious and beautiful in art will be captivated by Mr. F. J. Britten's book on "Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers" (published by Mr. Batsford). Mr. Britten leads us artistically through a labyrinth of wick-timekeepers, dials, water-clocks, and all the quaint and interesting horological contrivances of primal and mediæval times, and the charm of his description is varied by the production of some four hundred really fine illustrations.

The famous clock in the Palais de Justice dates from 1370, and is the work of the celebrated de Vick, whose turret-clocks are the earliest on reliable record. The carved figures of Piety and Justice and the angels supporting the Royal Coat-of-Arms were

executed by Germaine Pilon. It is believed that it was the bell of this clock that rang the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.

During the sixteenth century some fantastically ornate clocks were produced, but the richest and most intricate of the period was the second of the world-famed Strasburg clocks. Besides an ordinary dial, it had a celestial globe indicating sidereal time, a yearly revolving calendar for the century, months, days, names of saints, and dates of movable feasts. Above this calendar there appeared daily in succession figures on cars representing the days of the week—Apollo on Sunday, Diana on Monday, and so on. A figure of Death struck the number of hours on a bell, and a cock on top of one of the spires flapped its wings and crowed at noon. This marvel was finished by the talented brothers Habrecht, and a specimen of their work may be seen in the clock that is placed at the top of the main staircase of the British Museum. The ship clock herewith pictured is also a sixteenth-century production, and mystery-clocks and death's-head watches date from the same period.

There is an amusing rhyme associated with the sixteenth-century clock in the church-tower of St. Mary's Steps, Exeter. In a niche above its dial there are three mechanical figures. The centre one, representing Henry VIII., strikes the hour, inclining its head at each stroke; the two side figures strike the quarters. The humorous folk of Exeter have named these Matthew the Miller and his Two Sons, in playful derision of a miller named Matthew, who was famed in the district for his clock-like punctuality and methodical habits; and thus arose the following quaint rhyme—

Matthew the miller's alive,
Matthew the miller is dead;
For every hour in Westgate Tower
Matthew nods his head.

Mr. Britten gives some beautiful illustrations of the collection at Windsor of graceful French clocks of the seventeenth century. Most of our English Sovereigns seem to have shown an interest in the art of clock- and watch-making, and one reads with some amusement that on their wedding morning, in token of the constancy of his affection, Henry VIII. gave to Anne Boleyn a richly chased silver-gilt clock, the weights of which were ornamented with lovers'-knots encircling their initials, and on which were also inscribed the royal motto and the words, "the most happye." This interesting clock is also at Windsor.

Mr. Britten gives a brief sketch of the lives of some of the famous horologists of England and the Continent, and describes in detail the origin and development of the Clockmakers' Company.



CLOCK MADE IN 1598.

MARK TWAIN IN TOWN.

Mark Twain is in London, and means to stay here for some little time. I have had a chat with him, and therefore can say something of his plans. They do not include any great amount of literary work.

"You can't write in London," he says, "unless you shut yourself up, and I don't mean to do that. I already have invitations to go out, so to speak, and that sort of thing doesn't do well with literary work."

As the summer gets on, however, Mark Twain will leave London for the country—the fresh, green English country which he already knows and loves. He insists that he doesn't expect to publish any more books, and he insists so gravely that he might be serious. The presumption, therefore, should be that he will labour at those wonderful volumes which are to be for posterity—one in a private way, the other for all who care to purchase it a hundred years hence. Mark Twain has got hold of a good idea here, although, as he admits, it may not be altogether original. It is almost as good an idea as that of the carefully prepared German speech which he would have delivered to the Emperor of Austria had he not forgotten it. The Emperor Francis Joseph does not speak English, but Mark Twain's German is pretty good now. If he could only be persuaded to write a "Jumping Frog," or some such humour-book, in German! It would be a revelation to the language.

Meanwhile, Mark Twain has a certain immediate interest in the *édition de luxe*—who'll find an English term to express all that?—of his works, which is to appear here and in America. There is to be no favouritism to one half of the Anglo-Saxon world over the other—each will have a thousand copies. The venture is a healthy one, and will go, just as Mark Twain himself is in great form and spirits. When I saw him, the weather was inconveniently warm, as most of us estimate weather, but he didn't seem to mind it at all. That is one advantage of being an American—you get "hot snaps" and "cold snaps," and in the end you don't mind a snap which way it is. Mark Twain wore a tall hat and a dark morning-suit, the coat cut a degree between quaintness and smartness. He was armed with a full battery of cigars—what would he be without them or a cob-corn pipe?—and he smoked on with a steady determination which one was fain to admire.

"I'm pretty comfortable anywhere," he observed, "but I like London—oh yes, very much." If any of our wise people ever thought of introducing a bye-law limiting a man to so many cigars a-day, Mark Twain would probably be less comfortable. Smoke is often dragged in as a symbol of nothingness, as, for example, "It will all end in smoke." Mark Twain must have got many of his best jokes out of smoke. Why not? The fact is, however, that in ordinary conversation he does not joke a great deal. It is the small humorist who does that—the person who does not realise that in humour there lies the most serious form of instruction. Mark Twain is a serious man, but the English-speaking people insist on taking him as a humorist.

Now, one of the subjects which cropped up in our conversation was that of Anglo-American copyright. He had the whole subject at his finger's end; indeed, the tangled skein of copyright generally appeared not to be tangled at all to him. He had no small hand in bringing about the copyright arrangement between America and England. His books of a hundred years hence may, who knows, contain an intimate history of that movement. He talks slowly, in deliberate, chosen words which always bring out his meaning to a nicety. You listen to him with great contentment, and are sorry when he stops. He is himself a charming listener; but, indeed, you can mostly estimate a man's quality as a talker by his ability to listen.

There is something very fascinating in Mark Twain's blue eyes—humour, of course, but, above all, the reflection of a large and tender heart. He would probably agree, if he were discussing literature, that it is heart which tells in it rather than intellect—the heart beating with the intellect, so winning the reader to the higher things. As Mark Twain talks, he will march up and down the room; or again, he will sit down for a minute, leaning his arms lightly on the table. He has been writing for nigh thirty years, but he looks wonderfully young. His hair is turned quite grey, but, happily, he still has plenty of it. The zest of youth is in his step, and his outlook upon the world is buoyant.

M.

CANTILENA MUNDI.

Where rainbows rise through sunset rains,
By shores forlorn of isles forgot,
A solitary Voice complains,
"The World is here, the World is not."

The Voice the wind is, or the sea,
Or spirit of the sundown West:
Or is it but a breath set free
From off the Islands of the Blest?

It may be: but I turn my face
To that which still I hold so dear:
And lo, the voices of the days—
"The World is not, the World is here."

'Tis the same end whichever way,
And either way is soon forgot:
"The World is all in all To-day;
To-morrow all the World is not,"—FIONA MACLEOD.

THE SLEEPLESS EYE THAT KEEPS THE COAST.

WHAT THE COASTGUARDSMEN DO.

Who that has ever visited the seaside is unfamiliar with the appearance of the sturdy, sunburnt Coastguards, in their neat nautical rig? To the mere superficial observer the Coastguards appear to have nothing in particular to do but to stroll leisurely along the sea-front, telescope under

proverbial, while he must wash, mend, mangle, and make his own clothes, and keep himself and his belongings neat and clean. A record is kept of a man's whole career in the Navy, where discipline is so strict, and necessarily so, that to earn even one good-conduct stripe requires very good behaviour indeed, while to earn two of them, the minimum which a candidate for the Coastguard must have, means still better behaviour. Naval captains, knowing the value of such a man, and what it has cost the country to train him to such a degree of excellence, would rather see him continue in the Navy than shunt him into the Coastguard, so that a man must have still further claim to consideration before the necessary recommendation can be procured.

From this brief statement of facts it will be evident that it is no exaggeration to say that the average Coastguard is head and shoulders above the average seafaring man, both in the matter of intelligence and character, while it would be difficult to come across a more civil and obliging fellow, or one with whom it is more interesting and instructive to enjoy a chat, although this requires sufficient nautical knowledge to draw him out by questions, because the most striking things he has seen and done he is usually either too modest to talk of, or, having for years been cooped up with men whose lives have been full of remarkable scenes, he has ceased to be impressed by them, and regards as the merest commonplace, not worth mention, incidents that would make a novelist's fortune, if not scouted by the critics as "too wildly unreal to be possibly true."

The Coastguard has, however, much else to do than to chat, and those who would talk to him should only do so when he is off duty: otherwise, they may do him no good, for it is surprising how very little

can take place without coming to the knowledge of his superior officer, who naturally objects to anything calculated to distract his attention from his duties, which, as has already been said, are both numerous and onerous. Surprising as this statement may be, the barest outline of the



RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM A PASSING SHIP.

arm, and occasionally amuse themselves by taking a look through that instrument at some passing vessel or other object of interest on the water, an amusement, be it said, which they are usually ready to share with the stranger, for the average Coastguard is an affable, good-natured fellow, as becometh a son of Neptune. The superficial observer aforesaid who imagines that the Coastguards have nothing else to do than this, may be surprised to learn that they are the eyes and ears of the Admiralty, and that, easy as their lives seem, their duties are both numerous and onerous, involving years of training, and, at times, no little exposure and hardship. The merest glance at the qualifications necessary for the lowest grade in the Coastguard, that of Boatman, is sufficient to demonstrate that the average Coastguard is a highly trained man of very considerable intelligence, whose technical education has cost not less than £300. To begin with, he must have served in the Royal Navy at least nine or ten years after the age of eighteen, most of the time in a rating not lower than that of able-seaman, and must have earned at least two good-conduct stripes and have a recommendation from his last captain before he is eligible to enter the Coastguard at all. Consider for a moment what this means. An able-seaman of the Royal Navy in the present day, besides being a good sailor—which in itself is no trifling accomplishment—must be a good deal of a soldier too, knowing how to take a field-gun anywhere ashore, how to skirmish, how to use a sword, and able to take any place in working a big gun at sea. He has been encouraged to learn all about torpedoes and electricity. He must be active and quick at his work, perfectly drilled and disciplined, and at the same time an adept at such housemaid's duties as polishing brass and paint-work, cleaning a ship's deck to that perfection for which a man-of-war is



RESCUE FROM THE SURF.

From Photographs by Gregory, Strand.

HOW THE NORWEGIANS LIVE.



A BRIDE ON HORSEBACK.



HARVESTERS.

duties will suffice to show that it is strictly correct. The Coastguard have to patrol the coast for the protection of the Revenue; to enforce quarantine regulations; to assist vessels in distress; to act for the Official Receiver of Wrecks; to take charge of and work the life-saving apparatus; to keep an eye on the fisheries—seeing, for instance, that vessels fishing within the prohibited three-mile limit are called to account; to go through a course of annual drill aboard one of her Majesty's ships, and



COASTGUARD ON NIGHT DUTY, ANSWERING DISTRESS SIGNAL.

every second year to make a cruise of at least six weeks on one of them; to raise boys for the Navy; at certain stations to signal the movements and report the names of passing ships to Lloyd's; to watch and protect the foreshores; to look after the navigation passing their stations, seeing that it is not obstructed; to keep certain anchorages clear; to assist in launching the lifeboat—they are expected, but not compelled, to assist in manning the lifeboat, if necessary; to take charge of and give information about human bodies washed ashore or seen afloat; to bury carcases found on the coast; to record observations for the Meteorological Society and help to work the storm-signals; to prepare for the Board of Trade returns of shipping casualties; to stop illicit distillation; to board and search vessels for contraband goods, and to see that the vessel's papers are satisfactory; to watch lighthouses, lightships, beacons, and buoys, and report any change in their position or accident to them; to prevent, according to special orders, the introduction of arms and dynamite; to enforce bye-laws as to vessels carrying explosives; to protect the shore-ends of telegraph-cables; to watch for signals from lighthouses, lightships, or vessels respecting wrecks or ships in distress, and inform the lifeboat authorities thereof, and display notices about the same for general information; to be prepared to act as pilots; to establish signal-stations during war or Naval Manœuvres; to drill the Naval Reserve and help to collect, forward, and escort it when mobilised; and to act as the First Naval Reserve itself, which the Coastguard forms.

These being his varied, numerous, and more or less important duties, implying the greatest vigilance, and having to be carried out at all hours of the night and day, at all seasons of the year, and in all states of the weather, the Coastguard's lot is apt at certain times to be one of no inconsiderable danger, exposure, and hardship, which circumstance, combined with the highly creditable and not infrequently heroic way in which his work is done, ought to secure for him a warm corner in the heart of the British public, especially if it be true that "they all love Jack," much better off as he is in most respects than Jack himself, particularly Jack of the Mercantile Marine. At sea Jack has four hours on duty—night and day—and is supposed to have four hours off before going on watch again; but his meals, as well as his rest, have to be taken in his "watch below," as the period off duty is called, and, in the case of most trading vessels, he is frequently called up both night and day during the "watch below" to assist in some operation which the "watch on deck" are not numerous enough to perform.

The Coastguard, on the other hand, has a watch of six hours, followed by twelve hours off duty; free quarters of three to five rooms; free food, fire, and light—or rather, an allowance to provide them with; a certain allowance of clothing, free medical attendance, and three weeks'

holidays yearly. In the lowest rating, that of Boatman, the minimum rate of pay, in addition to these allowances, is 1s. 9d. a-day, which may be supplemented by occasional lifeboat work or assistance to yachtsmen. The higher ratings—save the Lieutenants and Commanders—are all filled by promotion from the Boatmen, and are paid more, up to £11 a-month in the case of Chief Officers, while all have a pension to look forward to at the age of fifty. For the average seafaring man, the position of Coastguard in any rating is one not to be despised, and it might be imagined that it is highly coveted and keenly sought for by bluejackets. But, except in the case of the married men, that is not so much the case as might be expected, because a good man can do still better in the Navy, which shows that the service afloat is no bad one for the "rankers."

The Coastguard Districts are Hull, Harwich, Newhaven, Weymouth, Holyhead, Leith, Clyde, Limerick, and Queenstown, each District having several Divisions, and each Division several Stations. Each District has one of her Majesty's ships for Coastguard and Naval Reserve duties, under a Naval Captain, who is also Commanding Officer of the District. The Divisions are under Naval Commanders or Lieutenants, while the Stations are entrusted to Chief Officers or Chief Boatmen in charge, and above all there is the Admiral-Superintendent, whose headquarters are at the Admiralty. Most Districts, in addition to a guardship, have gunboat-cruisers, and all one or more of "Her Majesty's Coastguard cruisers," consisting of cutters, yawls, and small steamers in charge of a "Senior Mate" or "Chief Officer" or "Chief Quartermaster"—ratings unknown in the Navy proper, peculiar to this section of the Service, and ratings attainable, moreover, by the bluejacket class. A Naval Commander who takes an appointment as Inspecting Officer of a Coastguard Division may still hope for employment afloat, but a Lieutenant who does so virtually retires from the Royal Navy. Snug as these appointments are—the salary being £350 to £400 in the case of Lieutenants, and £500 a-year in that of Commanders, and the work not too hard—they lead to nothing in the way of professional advancement, and therefore are rarely accepted by Lieutenants who have any prospect of promotion, which prospect does not, by the way, entirely depend upon a Lieutenant's own merits, but partly upon the vacancies in the next rank, and whether he has had the luck to see war-service. If promotion is not obtained by a certain age, the Naval Lieutenant has to retire, and if not rich, he often prefers a Coastguard appointment to being entirely shelved. The Chief Officers of Coastguard cruisers are not to be confused with Chief Officers of Stations. The latter, joining the Coastguard as Boatmen, become successively—by examination, experience, and service—Commissioned Boatmen, Chief Boatmen, Chief Boatmen in Charge, and Chief Officers. But in the case of the Chief Officers of cruisers, they have been drafted



COASTGUARD ON DUTY.

From Photographs by Gregory, Strand.

into the Coastguard as boys, or ordinary-seamen or able-seamen, from the guardship into one of the cutters or cruisers, and risen through the gradations of Leading Seamen, Cutter's Boatswain, Quartermaster, Second Mate, and Senior Mate to Chief Officer. A few of these Chief Officers are employed ashore on inspecting duties.

THE AMERICAN IN LONDON.

Every year sees an increasing number of Americans coming to London. Among the most recent arrivals is Dr. Stuart Welles, who made his devoirs to the Prince of Wales at the last Levée, while his seventeen-year-old daughter, who was presented at the Drawing Room, is the first lady lawyer who has kissed the Queen's hand.

Dr. Stuart Welles, who had taken up his abode, only a little before the Drawing-Room season, at Roland Gardens, South Kensington, is a remarkable man. He comes of a good old American stock, and takes his descent from the two daughters (on both his parents' side) of Lieutenant Obadiah Gore junior, who was in the Revolutionary Army. In the Wyoming slaughter many of the officers belonging to the family were massacred. An interesting relic, with records, is in the possession of Dr. Welles, who had the account from an eyewitness. He is directly descended from Governor Thomas Welles. His father, Mr. Henry Spalding Welles, built the waterworks in Brooklyn, with many other great public institutions in the United States and Canada. Dr. Welles was educated with the view of becoming a doctor, and after leaving college in 1869 he went to Paris, where he studied under Dr. William E. Johnson, and afterwards to Vienna, where Dr. von Sigmund was his preceptor.

Then came the Franco-German War and the days of the Commune. Dr. Welles, however, made good use of his time, for he travelled extensively through the South of Europe, following this up by a journey to the Cataracts of the Nile, and afterwards visited Syria, Asia Minor, and Turkey. Capital experience this for a far-seeing student.

In 1876 he visited London, and was pressed by Minister E. Pierrepont to serve in the United States Legation in London. On his return to America, he acted as Political Secretary to Governor E. D. Morgan in New York, but politics were not Dr. Welles' passion or forte. He had always been fond of art and science, and therefore he chose to return to the medical faculty.

He took his medical degree in 1884. Since that date he has had a successful professional career in New York. He has exhibited pictures in the National Academy, New York, and even in London. Dr. Welles is also a composer, writes verses, and has published some books of travel. He is married to a niece of Lady Cook (once Tennessee Claflin).

His daughter, who is only seventeen, passed at the University Law College, New



THE ONLY WOMAN LAWYER EVER PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

Photo by Gann and Stuart, Richmond.

York, before all the men. She is just now sojourning for a short season with Lady Cook and Sir Francis in Portugal before resuming her further study in law.



LADY COOK (ONCE MISS TENNESSEE CLAFLIN).
Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Journalism of the more thoughtful order lost much at the recent death of Mr. J. F. Nisbet. Yet the publication of his book, "The Human Machine" (Richards), must have been the first announcement to most people that such a man existed. All his work, with the exception of his book on "The Insanity of Genius," was anonymous, and he never sought any other kind of publicity. A journalist by profession, a dramatic critic rather by accident, his native bent was towards science. His temperament was typically scientific, though it was modified by a more than average amount of literary culture, and perhaps had not the buoyancy and the blataney which a successful career in science at the present day might have given to it. Whether or not his best work would have been done had circumstances given him full opportunity for continuous investigation on definite lines, it is certain that his capabilities fitted him, and his accidental profession did not hinder him from being eminently useful as a populariser of advanced thought, as a suggester, as a stimulus to thinking in his readers. "The Human Machine" is a bag full of the most miscellaneous matter. Hundreds of subjects are touched on. Each subject leads to ten others. The conditions of journalism demanded this, and doubtless the soil of Mr. Nisbet's mind was specially fitted for quick and varied growths. In one chapter you are whirled over a universe of thought, and you may be dazed and exhausted. But it is always open to you to stop and work out one of the problems stated, or argue from his premises to your own conclusion, and in that case the book will last you for months. On the other hand, it will serve the more superficial, who have intercourse with serious persons, with starting-points on a thousand different and difficult topics of conversation. Only they must select their audience carefully. Mr. Nisbet never feared logical conclusions, nor did he fear to state them. Some of them are very disagreeable, according to ordinary notions; but he presented them with a grim, cool courage which most folks must despair of ever reaching. Instead, they will shriek aloud at this student's callousness, his cold-bloodedness, that could allow him to end his book in so comfortable a fashion as he does, when he speaks of the end of our world as the close of an "experiment the most obvious lesson of which is that the individual counts for nothing in the history of the race, the race for nothing in the life of the planet, and the planet for nothing in the duration of the universe."

Those who start with him on the ground of advanced thought may be startled and as much shocked at many of his opinions as the orthodox people to whom his materialism is distasteful. For his views on a great many questions are the reverse of what is called enlightened, though I have no doubt he reasoned his way to them. On political and labour questions, on matters relating to women, for instance, his point of view is distinctly the brutal one, which happens to be the fashionable one just now. He is not exceptional in this. A firm upholding of the powers that be, of the mighty against the weak, is the commonest instinct among such as speculate freely and courageously on remote questions. But, as I have said, the value of the book is as a suggester of thought. Used thus, it will lead you along stirring high-roads and by interesting by-paths. You will find yourself considering with him on the cant of progress, the fetish of education, the question of Shakspeare's health—one overlooked by the literary scholars and of much significance—the problem of Lourdes, the ethics of bull-fighting and fox-hunting, the questionableness of Parliamentary institutions; and some of us, by dint of combating his, may arrive at opinions of our own.

Mr. Nisbet does not quote Nietzsche, but he would doubtless have agreed with a good deal of his philosophy. For Nietzsche is the spokesman of those to-day who back up their religion of force with scientific or philosophic speculation. English readers have now for the first time a chance of getting at the meaning and at the motives of the German thinker. "Thus spake Zarathustra" has been before them for some time; but the average person was dazed by it, or was forced to laugh at it. The donning of the prophetic and poetic mantle did not much help his influence with us. But in "A Genealogy of Morals" (Unwin) the plain person can get at the root of his thinking, and the reason of his influence. Indeed, he speaks plain enough there for the plainest of readers when he calls aloud to us to shake off the yoke of the slave morality—Christian, ascetic, altruistic—which by craft and from envy has too long taken possession of our souls, and to make room for the nobles of the earth, the strong men, with wills and desires and mighty arms. They shall inherit the earth—if the world is not to be the prey of disease, and drag out a nerveless, morbid, unwholesome existence.

It will be news to a good many that Nietzsche has written poetry, not merely the bombastic, rhetorical stuff in "Zarathustra," but actual verse. A love-song, "Amorosissima," startles one in the midst of the brutal cynicism; but the translation reads so vilely that I might be wronging a too rarely tender mood in quoting it. Venice evidently affected him to the point of verse, but not very articulately. Among the intelligible pieces—not many—the harsh Gipsy song is the best. There is a personal ring about it, for Nietzsche was not always fashionable—

There the gallows, rope and hooks;
And the hangman's beard is red;
People round and poisoned looks—
Nothing new and nothing dread!
Know it well, from fifty sources,
Laughing in your face I cry:
Would ye hang me? Save your forces!
Why kill me who cannot die?

O. O.

"IN DAYS OF OLD," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS ARDYN BEDDART.

He is the hero of the play (written by Mr. Edward Rose and produced on April 26), which takes us back to the days when Henry VI. was King (1421-61).

"IN DAYS OF OLD," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS FAY DAVIS AS LILIAN.

She is betrothed to the Earl of Wyncesley, but falls in love with Armyn. She marries her Earl, but is made a widow by Armyn's cousin, Sir Ulick Beddart, who assassinates the Earl. So Armyn and Lilian mate and are happy.

"IN DAYS OF OLD," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS ESME BERINGER AS LADY AGATHA DE LISLE.

She is one of the ladies at the Court of Margaret of Anjou, and takes part in a beautiful "flower dance" tripped in the Second Act in the Court of the Red Rose.

"IN DAYS OF OLD," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS MARGARET OF ANJOU.



ARMYU (MR. ALEXANDER), AND LILIAN (MISS FAY DAVIS).



MISS DAVIS'S DRESSER HAS TO PUT ON HER CAP WITH GREAT CARE.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HE IS ONLY SEVENTY-THREE, BUT HAS BEEN A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS.

Mr. William Wither Bramston Beach is not an old man, but he has, by the deaths of the veteran Mr. Villiers and Sir John Mowbray, become Father of the House of Commons, in the sense that he has retained his seat for the greatest number of years without a break—that is to say, he sat for North Hampshire from 1857 to 1885, and since then for the Andover division of the same county, to which his family belongs. He has sat through fourteen Administrations, and faced seven Prime Ministers.



MR. BEACH'S FATHER WHEN A BOY.
From a Sketch in Oils by H. Calvert.

He is the only son of Mr. William Hicks-Beach, who was Member for Malmesbury, and cousin of the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. His sister is married to Mr. Wyndham Portal, whose golden wedding was recently celebrated so auspiciously at Malshanger, while his only daughter is the wife of Mr. W. G. Nicholson, Member for East Hants. The chief country seat is at Oakley Hall, about fifty miles from London and five from Basingstoke, where he is

Lord of the Manor, and the principal landowner. The Hall, standing in a well-wooded park of some four hundred and ninety acres, dates from 1795, being built on the site of a fine old house.

Born in 1826, he was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Christ Church, where he read for honours in Classics and Mathematics, but eventually, amid the many social distractions of Oxford, he did not aspire to more than an ordinary degree. His real interest centred in History, to which he was always devoted, but no class was given for this in his day.

From his earliest years the Father has shown a love of sport, which has never yet deserted him. A story, which is quite true, has gone the rounds that, when hunting as a boy in Hampshire, he was entrusted by his father to the tender care of the family coachman. The late Lord George Bentinck happened to be out that day, and was asked by the anxious servant if he had seen anything of Master William, as he did not know what had become of him. "Yes," replied Lord George, "I have seen the young gentleman, and never saw anyone more calculated to take care of himself than he is." At Oxford he won the Christ Church Hurdle-race, hunting at first in the Oxford neighbourhood with the Hethrop and Mr. Drake's hounds, while in 1849, during his residence at the 'Varsity, he kept the Christ Church Draghounds in conjunction with the present Lord Cork. Also, he took part in the steeplechases which used to be held near Aylesbury. While riding in one of these, in 1852, he fell very badly, and narrowly escaped being killed.

The earliest portrait of the Father of the House was painted when he was a boy at Eton, to be inserted in the famous picture of the Vine

Hunt, which is now at Strathfieldsaye, the seat of the Duke of Wellington. Amongst those present may be seen the hero of Waterloo—a prominent supporter of the Vine. Of those represented in the group, there are now three survivors only—Mr. Beach, who may be seen in his Eton-jacket, the Marchioness of Douro, who is now the Dowager Duchess of Wellington, and the huntsman Dale, who, despite his eighty years, was last season out with the hounds. In subsequent years, Mr. Beach was destined to be still more closely connected with the Vine Hunt, as, in 1868, he succeeded Sir Bruce Chichester as Master, retaining this position for



MR. BEACH.
From the Picture by W. W. Outess, R.A.

twenty years, when on resigning he was presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. Shannon. He has kept up his interest in the Vine, and last year might often be found many miles from home enjoying his favourite sport.

When a young man, Mr. Beach was an ardent cricketer, though more successful in keeping up his wicket than in scoring heavily; he made the fine ground at Oakley which, at that day, was said to be second only to Lord's, the village club being then the best in the neighbourhood. The Hampshire County Club always found in him an enthusiastic supporter, and for twenty years he acted as President.

The Father of the House has also figured with remarkable success as a sprint-runner, both at Oxford and after leaving the 'Varsity, when his powers considerably improved. Sir John Astley has spoken of the races which he ran with Mr. Beach. Instead of 1850, however, he should have said the autumn of 1852—

I think it was in the spring of 1850 that I ran my first match for money; the distance was 150 yards on the flat. My opponent was W. W. Beach, one of the Members for Hampshire. He had been staying with Lord Eglinton in Scotland, and had there beaten all the men with any pretensions to run that Scotland could produce. Lord Eglinton was prepared to back him against any amateur, so I took him on, and the race came off at Copenhagen Fields, commonly known to all pedestrians as the "Old Cope"—an open part of London in those days, but now the site of the present Cattle Market. . . . I remember that it was a very cold day; but, notwithstanding this slight drawback in point of weather, a numerous party of Beach's neighbours from Hampshire, besides a vast concourse of ordinary spectators, were present to witness the match, some of Beach's Hampshire friends having travelled to town on purpose. . . . Beach was favourite, and, I think, ought to have won; but, as we neared the tape, he put out his hands and caught it, so that I really breasted it first. There was considerable excitement as to who was actually the winner, and the referee finally decided that we must run the race over again that day week. I put in some good work in the interval, and was, I think, close on a yard better when we toed the scratch for the second race; however, it was a very near thing, and I just won, though Beach at the time was not satisfied quite, and said that a dog had got in the way. I never saw the dog myself until the match was over, and then I discovered that a cousin of mine, Periam Lethbridge (long since dead), had a dog with him, and I was told that he had



THE VINE HUNT: MR. BEACH AS A BOY AND THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

From the Painting by H. Calvert.

broken the slip he was being led by and got away; but I cannot help thinking that, as we were so close together, if the dog had interfered with Beach, I must have seen him.

Four years later, after his return from the Crimea, a third race was run, which Sir John thus describes—

It was during this winter or following spring that I received another challenge from W. Beach to run for the third time 150 yards on the flat, as he was not satisfied as to my superiority. I was nothing loth, so it was arranged that we were to run for a pony (£25) a-side on the turnpike road at Salt Hill. . . . Beach particularly specified that we were only to have six friends present to witness the match, and I fancy that his reason for this clause in the agreement was that, like many of our equine races, Beach was a trifle nervous at the post—in fact, he once told me that he was yards better in private than in public, whereas I believe it was exactly the contrary with me, particularly if there was plenty of music and lots of ladies.

Knowing the peculiar temperament of my friend, I am afraid I was a wee bit tricky at the start, and kept him on the scratch some little time—in fact, as long as I decently could—by making sundry false starts. At last we got off very evenly, and I made running, with Beach close up, and at 120 yards I fancied that he could pass me when he liked; at 130 he was evidently doing his level best, and we ran neck and neck; but, after a regular ding-dong finish, I just won by half-a-yard. . . . So at last W. B. was satisfied, and I don't think he ever ran again, but settled down into a steady, conscientious Senator, and has well represented part of Hampshire in the House of Commons for many years past.

It may be said, however, that Sir John would never run Mr. Beach 100 yards, which was his distance, someone who backed Sir John to do so having to pay forfeit.

Previous to this, part of Mr. Beach's time was devoted to the Hampshire Yeomanry, which he joined as a private, and, after serving as Cornet and Captain, left as Major. Once, when the Yeomanry were quartered at Basingstoke, one of their pet runners raced Mr. Beach in the streets, the Yeomanry keeping the course. If any of the Members of Parliament

wish to picture the scene where their august Father thus disported himself, they should go to Basingstoke, and walk from the Wheat Sheaf to what was then Moody's, the pastrycook's, now the tailor's shop kept by Messrs. Burberry. A former constituent, to whom I am indebted



OAKLEY HALL, THE HOME OF MR. BEACH.

for this incident, well remembers Mr. Beach striding ahead and beating his rival into a cocked hat.

In 1857 he married Caroline Chichester, daughter of Colonel Cleveland, of Tapeley Park, North Devon, who fought in the Inniskilling Dragoons at Waterloo, her only brother, in the 17th Lancers, being killed at Inkerman. During the same year Mr. Beach's Parliamentary connection with Hampshire began, which has continued unbroken to the present day. Some time previously he had received a requisition to stand, in the event of the retirement of the Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre, the Speaker, afterwards created Lord Eversley, and during his absence in America he was elected at the head of the poll for North Hampshire, his colleague being Mr. Selater-Booth, the future Lord Basing. In 1865 he was again at the head of the poll, the Liberal candidate being Sir Henry St. John Mildmay. In 1885 the county was redistributed, and, standing for the Andover Division of his old constituency against Mr. Francis Buxton, who up to that time had represented Andover, he was returned by a majority of 1451, while at subsequent General Elections he has enjoyed the luxury of a walk-over.

Since this period, his time has been occupied with his Parliamentary duties and the varied pursuits and interests of a country gentleman. He first established the Hampshire Chamber of Agriculture, and was for twenty years President. He has always endeavoured to promote the farmers' welfare, attending many of the agricultural meetings, fairs, and dinners in the county, and speaking a few kindly words about the topics of current importance. For many years he has been one of the Directors of the London and South-Western Railway.

It is in connection with the Freemasons, however, that the greatest honours of all have fallen to Mr. Beach. He was made a Mason in the Apollo University Lodge (No. 357) in 1848, and speedily became a devoted member of the Craft. He was twice Worshipful Master, acting, also, for another year in the place of an absent W. M. He was First Principal of the Alfred Chapter (No. 340). The Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire, Colonel Bowyer, described him as one of the most accomplished Masons that Oxford ever turned out of her lodges. The year before he entered Parliament he was presented by the brethren with a very handsome piece of plate, "Queen Philippa reviewing her troops" (which was exhibited in the Paris and London Exhibitions), in testimony of his private worth and public virtues. The visit to America about this time was undertaken, because Mr. Beach had been deputed to inquire into the grievances of the Canadian Freemasons. In Basingstoke he founded a lodge, called, after his country seat, the "Oakley Lodge," of which he was the first Master. Since 1868 he has been Provincial Grand Master of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, and in 1891 he was presented by the Duke of Connaught, on

behalf of the Province, with his portrait painted by Oulless. Further honours were in store, as the Prince of Wales appointed him Grand J (Third Principal) of the Grand Chapter of Arch Masons, the Prince himself being M.E.Z., or First Grand Principal. Mr. Beach has also filled the office of Grand Master of Mark Masons, a position now occupied by his Royal Highness, and at the magnificent service in connection with the bicentenary of St. Paul's, held in the Cathedral on Dec. 2, 1897, and attended by six thousand brethren of the craft, he was deputed by the Prince to represent him and act as Most Worshipful Grand Master. Thus esteemed in the craft, doing an immense amount of work, and taking the chair at Grand Lodge more frequently probably than any other Grand Official, he has reached a position of the highest eminence, equalled only perhaps by the late Lord Lathom and the late Lord Carnarvon.

Mr. Beach has a marvellous memory. A great lover of poetry in his boyhood, he recites faultlessly and with fine expression his favourite passages from Scott or Byron. He was, therefore, greatly in request in the days of Penny Readings, while often at a dinner of farmers or friends Mr. Beach has been known to come to the rescue, if things were falling rather flat, with an amusing recitation. So, too, in regard to one of his favourite books—Alison's "History of Europe," containing the overpowering number for ordinary mortals of some thirty volumes—Mr. Beach will turn in a moment not only to the special volume, but also to the very page required. Many still remember a remarkable lecture on India, delivered by him in Basingstoke between thirty and forty years ago, when for an hour and a-half he poured forth without a note a flood of information about Indian affairs.

Ever of a retiring disposition, lacking the self-assertion by which a man of inferior gifts might have pushed himself into higher place, he has never plunged eagerly into the debates of the House, though he has spoken more frequently than many imagine on Penal Servitude, the Opium Question, Agriculture, and Finance. Apropos a speech delivered soon after he entered Parliament, I am told that the *Times* spoke of him as one of the coming men for India, on account of his knowledge of Indian affairs. He it was who moved the amendment to make the Agricultural Holdings Act compulsory. Mr. Beach has been a most useful country member, not conspicuous for oratorical flights, but doing much solid work in Committee, regular in attendance at Westminster, loyally serving the Conservative Party by his vote, while maintaining a certain independence of opinion.

ARTHUR KELLY.



THE DENE SISTERS.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

THE GENTLE ART OF SHEEP-SHEARING.

The sheep-shearer is to be found in his glory in Australia, for that is the place where the wool comes from. I was particularly lucky in arriving at Sir Rupert Clarke's Bolinda Vale Station, which is twenty-eight miles from Melbourne, when the shearers were at their busiest. Forty years



WOOL-SORTING.

ago there was only a two-roomed "wattle-and-dab" on the run. To-day the "wool-shed" is a small village.

It is mainly as a cross-bred flock that the sheep are remarkable, for, while a proportion of Merino is, of course, essential, that class, though good, can be equalled or surpassed on many another station. One theory in breeding has been strictly adhered to, namely, the use of pure sires only. After a lengthy trial, Lincolns have been discarded in favour of the important Leicester, which is found to produce a more shapely cross, which matures early, and carries a wool of exceptional brightness. A capital cross is that produced by mating a Leicester ewe with a Merino ram, the progeny in turn being put to a Merino. The final result is at once a sheep of good frame, and carrying a fair fleece of a most attractive wool, showing the softness of Merino with a longer staple and a brightness approaching the pure Leicester. Greasy lambs'-wool of this class has, within the past few years, realised 1s. 3½d. per pound in London, a price comprehensive to a layman when it is mentioned that a very fair cross-bred wool could be bought at the same sale for 8½d. The intermediate crosses also are of a very profitable type.

The Wolseley shearing-machine, the invention of a brother of our Field-Marshal and an erstwhile New Zealand squatter, which is in use, is a wonderful instrument. The cutter is best compared with a horse-clipper, the power being communicated by a stiff gut cord revolving in a pliable hose, which, with a universal joint, allows free play to the operator within the radius of the hose. The sheep are brought into the shed at one end and put into two rows of pens in the centre, with an alley-way on each hand, and the shearers are placed singly, four or five feet apart, on each side of the passage, so that a shearer takes his sheep from a pen in the centre, shears it, and turns it down a shoot at the side of the shed leading into a yard, and that sheep is free to raise another fleece.

The principal point in favour of the Wolseley machine is the freedom from second cuts; that is, the cutting of the staple more than once. There is much less risk also of injuring the sheep, a feature of an old-time shed being the continued calls of "tar-boy," tar being used as a dressing, as almost every sheep was more or less cut. Relative speed depends greatly on the class of sheep; with free-woolled, clean sheep, like those on Bolinda, the machine is very successful, tallies ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty and even more a-day, for which shearers are paid at the rate of 15s. per hundred and keep.

In all, about 70,000 sheep will be shorn, a tally below the average of the past few years, due mainly to the heavy sales of fats in the previous season and a reduction in the number of lambs bred. Taken all round, the grown sheep cut 8 lb. of an exceptionally clean, bright, light-conditioned wool.

In addition to the shearers (forty-four in number) are the pickers-up, who carry the fleece to the skirter, from whom it is taken, minus the heavy or inferior parts, or "skirts," as they are called, to the

supreme autocrat of the shed, the classer, who decides on its merits. Be the fleece fine, strong, short, or long in the staple, tender, stained, heavy, or light in condition, the classer, who is a genius in his way, has in his mind's eye the class to which it belongs, and, with one glance and a twitch of the fingers to try its strength, he calls a number representing the bin to which it is to be consigned. Classing this clip for many years, he comes to get a wonderful grasp of its numerous qualities. The fact that he will class many another utterly dissimilar does not even confuse him. He has the eye and touch developed by years of constant training. From the bins the fleeces go to the press, are baled, some fifty to a bale, and the bale marked by a stencil with the brand, number, and description, then loaded on a bullock-waggon drawn by a team of twelve or fourteen, and carted to the railway-station *en route* for London.

EDGAR CARTER.

THE CAREER OF THE CART-HORSE.

Despite all that is said touching the Dignity of Labour, one can imagine the cart-horse, released from ten hours' toil in plough-team or brewer's dray, sadly contrasting the high estate of his ancestors with his own lowly lot—that is, assuming him to be aware of the facts set out in Sir Walter Gilbey's curiously interesting little book, "The Great Horse, or Shire Horse" (Vinton). Poets and romance-writers have made us familiar with certain attributes of the noble charger bestriden by armoured knights of old: we know his lofty crest, expanding nostril, and fiery courage; but these authorities observe a judicious reticence concerning those points of the old war-horse which would not appeal to modern ideas of equine nobility—his hairy heels, for instance. Thus left in the dark on essential details, we have sub-consciously fashioned the war-horse of mediæval times for ourselves; for my own part, I confess to mounting the Black Prince and other favourite heroes of history on superior weight-carrying hunters. This was a mistake. The war-horse of the age of plate-armoured knighthood was called the "Great Horse," but he was neither more nor less than the Shire Horse of to-day, only not quite so big and powerful. When we consider the matter in the light of knowledge, it is clear that the cart-horse, and the strongest of his race at that, was the only beast that could carry a man clad in plate-armour. Holinshed, the old chronicler, says that the Great Horse "will carry four hundredweight commonlie," and there is in the Tower now a suit of armour of Henry the Eighth's time which Sir Walter Gilbey shows meant a total burden for the horse of a trifle over thirty stone! In times when the cart-horse was so essential to the mounted branch of an army, its breeding naturally became the care of the State, and numberless laws were made to foster the supply. Moors and waste lands where horses ran wild in droves were "driven" every year by royal officers, and all small and "unlikely tits" were destroyed; persons of rank were compelled to keep breeding stock, and the exportation of Great Horses was forbidden under heavy penalties. But, for all their exertions, our Sovereigns seem to have found the horse question a chronic difficulty which neither legislation nor expenditure could overcome. It was the application of gunpowder to hand-firearms which wrought the undoing of the Great Horse; ceasing to wear heavy armour, men ceased to need his services, and he became a hauler, a drawer of ponderous coaches over apologies for roads, and the slave of wain, dray, and plough.

c.



SHEEP BEING SHORN WITH A MACHINE INVENTED BY LORD WOLSELEY'S BROTHER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SOUL OF THE WOMAN.

BY EDGAR TURNER.

The Inspector looked up impatiently. A succession of charges at the police station that evening had tired him, and he had sat down by the fire in his room to rest. Now, a minute afterwards, he heard a knock at the door.

"Well, what is it?" he said, as a constable entered. "Another 'drunk'?"

"No, sir," replied the constable. "A gentleman wants to see you unofficially."

"Unofficially? Why, it is long past midnight."

"Yes, sir. This is his card."

The Inspector read the card. Both name and address were familiar to him. The name was that of a novelist of considerable reputation. The address was a square near the police station.

"I will see the gentleman," he said.

"Very well, sir."

The constable withdrew, ushered into the room a tall, thin man, and again withdrew. From photographs he had seen, the Inspector recognised his visitor to be the Novelist.

"Good-evening. Please sit down," he said.

The Novelist bowed, and sat in a chair at the opposite side of the table. The Inspector noticed that, in spite of the coldness of the weather, he wore neither overcoat nor gloves.

"Won't you come nearer the fire?" he asked.

"Thank you, no," replied the Novelist, speaking quickly and nervously. "I have been hurrying, and am hot. I apologise for calling at such a time. It is very good of you to see me. I want you to give me an opinion."

"An opinion?"

"Ah! I must explain. You know that I write novels?"

"Yes."

"I am writing one now. Circumstances in it suggest a problem in law, on which I want you to give me an opinion. Will you? I would have gone to a solicitor had it not been so late. Will you, at any rate, listen to the circumstances?"

While the Novelist was speaking, the Inspector had looked at him intently, as if curious of something in his appearance. Now he looked away from him, as if satisfied.

"Yes," he replied, "I will listen. But excuse me a minute; I have an order for my men."

He went from the room to the outer office, spoke to one of the two constables on duty there, and returned.

"Now," he said, as he sat down, "I am at your service."

For a time the Novelist was silent. Then he leaned forward and said—

"The circumstances which suggest the problem. They are the story of my novel. I will tell it to you. It is the story of a man and a woman. A strange story!"

"They met for the first time years ago, when both were young. She was beautiful to see, and he was clever. He admired her, and she—yes, maybe she admired him. They talked, and arranged to talk again."

"The first time and the times which came next, he admired her. Afterwards he loved her. I am telling you the story briefly. In the writing I have told it at length. The eyes and the hair of the woman, the words she said, the dresses she wore—they are all set down. Ah! and the thoughts of the man."

"He loved her, but she did not love him. Yet, when he asked her to marry him, she said 'Yes.' She should have said 'No.' He asked earnestly. In pity she should have said 'No.'"

"Why did she say 'Yes'?" That also is set down. He was clever, and—yes, maybe she admired him. He was rich, and he was beginning to be famous. Riches and fame! Reasons sufficient! She bowed her head, and whispered the word. Sweetly it sounded.

"The thoughts of the man? Joy and wonder at the present. Dreams of the future. Happiness—long happiness. A life like that of heaven. The thoughts of those who love and are beloved."

"He was glad, but his mother wept. She had looked into the eyes of the woman, and had learned the truth. She knew why the word had been 'Yes.' She knew that his life would be like that of hell, not that of heaven."

"In the writing there is a short, sad scene between him and her. She prayed him not to marry the woman. He replied angrily. She told him what she knew. He replied yet more angrily. She bade him choose her or the woman. He scorned her, and went to the woman."

The Novelist paused, and rested his head on his hands. The Inspector watched him gravely.

"They were married," said the Novelist, lifting his head. "A fair June day. The music of the church-bells, the solemn promises, again the music of the church-bells. They were married. 'Till death us do part,' said the priest. 'Till death us do part,' they repeated."

"Do you remember the old fairy-tale ending, 'and were happy ever after'?" These two were happy for a little time. The woman shared in the riches and the fame, and was content. The man still loved, and still believed that she loved.

"For a little time, and then he doubted. Something she had spoken or done had vexed his dream. He doubted. The life like heaven ended, and the life like hell commenced."

"There are few who dare to study a soul. To watch and to listen, to remember and to judge; horror and horror! Yet in that way is truth to be found. In that way, and no other."

"To convince himself that he was wrong to doubt, the man began to study the soul of the woman. Soon he knew that he was right, not wrong. Then should he have ceased to study, for so would he have suffered sorrow only."

"But he continued. Day after day he watched and listened, remembered and judged. Much he learned. Evil and ugly was her soul. No kindness had it for him or any man or woman. For itself alone it lived. You understand? Her soul was to him a book; each event of its life a page."

"Can love change to hate? Ay, it can. I who speak know. And the hate which has been love is more terrible far than the hate which has not. I who speak know. Ay, and I have written it plainly."

Again the Novelist paused. Sweat-drops were on his forehead; his fingers were locked together. The Inspector glanced at the clock, and then again watched him gravely.

"The man hated her," said the Novelist. "But the study of her soul fascinated him, and, that it might not end, he hid the hate. There were two, the woman and the soul within the woman. The one he hated because of the other, and yet endured because of the other."

"Woe is it when the husband wearies of the wife, or the wife of the husband. Only death can give release. Weariness, weariness, and weariness! 'Till death us do part—till death us do part.'"

"The man hid the hate. But its effects on his mind he could not hide. The woman noticed that he was ever sad and dull. Do you know what such women do when they notice this of their husbands? They neither sorrow nor sympathise. They smile, and turn away."

"It was to a friend of the man, his greatest friend, that the woman turned. First, she strove to make him love her. She succeeded soon, for her eyes and voice had strange beauty and compelling. Then she strove to make him confess his love. But now honour made him resist, and again and again she failed."

"The man continued to watch and to listen, to remember and to judge. From the first he knew for what she strove, and why. Love, good or bad, for his friend was not her motive. She but wished to fill the hours, and to triumph and laugh."

"Every day her soul grew more evil and ugly. Every day his hate increased. At times it fretted for expression, but always he hid it from her. Still there seemed new things to learn. Still the study of her soul fascinated him."

The Inspector again glanced at the clock.

"I weary you," said the Novelist. "Yet listen a little longer. Hear the end of the story. Give me your opinion."

"The man, his friend, and the woman. You understand? The man sad and dull, the hate fretting within him. His friend hesitating between honour and love. The woman in wickedness smiling and whispering."

"So for many days. Then a day of change."

"On the evening of the day, the man sat alone in a room of his house. The woman and his friend were at a theatre together, and he awaited their return."

"Often latterly he had sat alone while they were together elsewhere. The woman wooed boldly, and neither hate for her nor pity for his friend moved him to intervene. Still, the study of her soul fascinated him."

"On this evening, as on the others, he could think only of the fight that was being fought. Which would prevail? The eyes and the voice of the woman, or the honour of his friend? The woman or his friend?"

"It was nearly midnight when they returned. He heard them say good-bye, heard his friend drive away, and heard the woman ascending the staircase. Presently he would know whether once more she had failed, or whether at last she had succeeded."

"She entered the room, greeted him, and threw herself upon a couch. Laughter and triumph were in her eyes and voice."

"He rose, and stood by the couch. She talked idly of the theatre and the play. He listened to her words, and gazed at her face. The hate raged fiercely."

"He knew that she had succeeded. He knew that she had tempted his friend more cunningly than before. He knew that his friend had forsaken honour for love. Her soul told him all."

"Had she looked up, she must have seen the hate. It choked his throat; it shook his hands and lips. You understand? The fascination of the study of her soul had passed. The hate was free from restraint."

"There was no need to study more. He knew her soul at last, wholly, absolutely. Evil and ugly it was, beyond all power of increase; monstrously evil and ugly. There could be no new thing to learn."

"The woman did not look up, and did not see the hate. Conscious only of the laughter and triumph, she lay on the couch and talked. For a time the words were idle, but then they were filled with purpose."

"To add to the laughter and triumph, she mocked the man. She had remembered him lovingly during the evening, she said. She had pitied

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



VICAR : I don't think that well is quite safe without a lid on, John.

JOHN : Bless you, Sir, 'e be all right. Why, my wife, she pray the Lord every night fur to keep folks from falling in.

him, sitting alone, writing, writing. She had wished that he, and not his friend, had been with her.

"It was then, and only then, that he thought of the vengeance. It was then that he stretched out his hand to the knife that lay upon the table. It was then, while she mocked him, not knowing he understood, that the hate bade him kill.

"She continued to talk. But now her words seemed faint and far off, and he heeded them not. 'Till death us do part? Till death us do part?' he said to himself. His hand no longer shook. He grasped the knife firmly, and lifted it above him. 'Yes,' he said aloud, 'till death us do part.'

"And now, at last, the woman looked up and saw the hate. She strove to cry out and to raise herself, but could not for terror. Silent and motionless she lay before the man, and with strength he struck. She shuddered and died, and he and the hate rejoiced together. And then suddenly the hate left him, and he was alone and afraid."

The Novelist sank back in his chair, trembling and panting. His eyes questioned and entreated.

"That is the end of the story?" said the Inspector.

"Yes, the end," said the Novelist. "I will weary you no more. Give me your opinion, and I will go."

"You understand? The hate, with its strength and daring, had left the man, and he was afraid. He had taken a life, and the law might require his life in payment. He was afraid. In imagination he saw the judges, and heard the sentence, and felt the rope about his neck.

"Give me your opinion. If on such urging a man were to kill, would he himself be killed? When he stood before his judges, would it

avail aught if he told them the story I have told you? When they learned how monstrously evil and ugly was the soul of the woman, would they show him mercy? Give me your opinion."

Again the Novelist sank back in his chair, and again his eyes

questioned and entreated. The Inspector glanced at the clock and frowned, but did not speak. For moments there was silence, and then the sound of knocking at the door of the room. A constable entered, and the Inspector stood up and said—

"You have been to the house? What did you find?"

"Murder—a woman stabbed," replied the constable. "The servants accuse her husband."

The Inspector turned to the Novelist, and said—

"You hear what the officer says?"

"Yes," he replied, in a low, piteous voice, "I hear. A woman stabbed by her husband. And I have told you the story of such a deed! But there is no truth in the story—I swear there is no truth! I am innocent."

"Guilty—not innocent," said the Inspector. "The house to which he has been is yours. I sent him because I suspected murder. Your face and manner hinted it, and—look, man, at your sleeve!"

The Novelist looked, and saw that the sleeve was stained with blood. He shuddered, and said—

"The story is true. Give me now your opinion. Will the wickedness of the soul of the woman be remembered? Will mercy be shown the man, or will his coward life be ended? Give me your opinion. I am the man, alone and afraid."

The Inspector did not reply, but sat down and began to fill in a charge-sheet. The Novelist covered his face with his hands, and sobbed.



THE FLAT-BOTTOM GUNBOAT "WOODCOCK."



THESE BRITISH TARS (CLAD IN DUFFLE TO KEEP OUT THE COLD) ARE EXPLORING THE YANGTSE RIVER ON H.M.S. "WOODCOCK."

The "Woodcock," which is the first of a class of shallow-draught gunboats designed for river service, was taken out to Shanghai in eleven sections. These sections, each of which are water-tight, were placed in dock and floated as nearly as possible into their proper position. The dock was then emptied of water, and the sections bolted together. Finally, the engines were fitted, the superstructure and guns added, and in three weeks' time the ship was ready for sea. The "Woodcock" is a twin-screw boat, with an armament of four Maxim and two 6-pound quick-firing guns. With a draught of two feet, she displaces 145 tons of water, and steams 13½ knots per hour. Her complement consists of two officers and twenty-three men. The ultimate destination of the "Woodcock" is officially unknown, but it is stated on good authority that, if she successfully negotiates the Yangtse rapids—a feat never yet accomplished under steam alone—she will remain on the upper reaches of the river, in the neighbourhood of Chung-King. She is at present stationed at Tehang, a Treaty Port a thousand miles up the Yangtse.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is singular that one of the first measures of the French Government has been to close the Automobile Club at Paris. Apparently the ring-leaders of the rowdies that mobbed President Loubet came from this institution, and had even concerted their action there. Fancy closing our Four-in-Hand Club (if it has a local habitation)! But, then, in France everything acts on politics and is acted on by them; and the costliness of motor-cars marks them out as something to be taken up by the owners of (inherited) wealth. Some of the owners are of the old nobility; more, probably, are rich persons who like to hang on to the skirts of men with titles, pending their own acquisition of a *de* to their names. The gilded youth of Paris it must have been that rejoiced in motor-cars, which enable a rich man to cut a dash, and create a situation of danger, dread, dust, and discomfort for plebeian pedestrians. That ladies of rank stirred on the daring assailants of President Loubet's hat is not surprising. *La donna e automobile*, and a Duchess takes to a motor as naturally as the "pneu" woman to a *bicyclette*.

But the heavy hand of the Law has descended upon these comic-opera conspirators. Their walking-sticks (doubtless from London) are shattered; they themselves are flung into prison as ruthlessly as if they had told the truth, and in vain do sympathising Duchesses come to relieve them with carriage stuffed with dainties, like Roxane's coach in "Cyrano de Bergerac." And the attempt to use the "Conqueror of Fashoda" and his merry men for revolutionary purposes seems to have failed. Marchand, though perhaps a thought overfond of sobbing, has some common sense; even his little lieutenant, Baratier, withdrew discreetly from the course when he was kissed by a Duchess, and realised for what Uzès he was being employed.

Is there some subtle and necessary connection between aristocracy and the motor-car? Neither in England nor in America has the motor made much progress. Democracy does not love the costly, showy, and unsavoury machine. A private motor-car is like a fashionable divorce: it invites a virtuous reprobation among men of small means, which is more than half envy. The democracy will never be really at home on motors until they are greatly altered and cheapened. The bicycle for its own recreation, the omnibus and cab for business journeys—these are Republican enough. But the automobile smells of snobbery stronger than even of petroleum.

It cannot be mere blind conservatism that prevents the Londoner from taking to motor-vehicles. It is a feeling that there is something inconsistent with English society in the wheezy, rattling, unsavoury motor-car. The French have been, and still are, trying to improve their motors. We seem to have dropped the pastime almost before it was taken up, and there must be a good reason for it—a reason connected

with the British Constitution. There is something in a hansom, for instance, that harmonises with the causes that have made England what she is. Hansoms were tried in Paris, but, though they appealed to the superficial Anglomania of the rich, they did not last.

There is something peculiarly English in a cab, and especially in a hansom. Many years ago, Théophile Gautier was driven to see the Thames Tunnel in a "patent-safety" cab, with the driver perched in the rear, and manipulating the reins over the poet's head. We do not realise perhaps to what a degree the cab is the keynote of our society, our Constitution, and our law. The villain escaping invariably offers his cabman double fare; the hero, pursuing, promises his charioteer an extra shilling (or sixpence, if he be a Kailyarder) to keep the heroine's carriage in sight. Every dark crime is cleared up by a comic man who is either a cabman himself, or finds a clue in a cab.

But how many who call a cab lightly, and sometimes pay for it heavily, are conscious that there is really a large body of laws relating to cabs, and that it is open to anyone to raise nice points of law by some simple and ordinary action, such as paying a few shillings too little for a cab, or insisting on driving a hansom himself over the doors. Why, even the trifling offence of quitting a vehicle and forgetting to pay the driver—the pleasant practice known as "bilking" at least two centuries ago, when Congreve roused the wrath of Jeremy Collier by calling a coachman "Jehu"—has an Act of Parliament all to itself.

I have been moved to these reflections by glancing through a little work on "The Law of Cabs in London," by Mr. Herman Cohen. It seems strange that, when every other department of law has its monograph—when many people have published books on so comparatively trivial a matter as Copyright—the all-important Cab should have been neglected up till the present. And yet, much as literary men fancy themselves, London cabs fill a much larger position in our lives than

Literary Copyright, or even Bills of Sale, on both of which books have been written.

One fact there is that must gratify our Jacobites. The centre of the cab-radius, that mysterious limit beyond which sixpences are no good, is no other than the head of King Charles I. at Charing Cross. What a triumph for the Stuart cause! Every time we are oppressed and overcharged, we think of the Royal Martyr. At least, we don't; but we ought to.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



THE IDEAL GOWN FOR A SUMMER DAY.

This picture, taken by Mr. Alfred Ellis, shows Miss Aumonier as she appeared in a recent play.

STAGE COWBOYS.

Mr. Clyde Fitch, author of the new American piece presented last week at the Duke of York's Theatre, evidently appreciates the fact that Bret Harte is immensely popular in England, and, if he has not actually borrowed from the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," has written a work to which everyone at once applied the term "Bret Harte." What does it matter? "The Lady and the Cowboy" is none the worse for its ranch flavour, which suggests favourite old tales to us, but rather the better. Indeed, so long as the piece confined itself to giving lively pictures of Joe and Pete and Teddy North, the cowboys, who are quaint mixtures of chivalry and brutality, of delicate feelings and indelicate tales, of fine sentiments and coarse language; of Midge, the innocent, larking half-girl, half-woman romp, able to fire a rifle with deadly aim; of Lulu Prissimo, the comical over-buxom pianiste of the Colorado dance-hall; and the jealous half-breed, Quick-foot Jim—even the hypercritics, despite their distrust of the local colour, were interested by the piece and admired the quiet, quick, vigorous acting. When, however, we got to the actual play the enthusiasm waned. The picture of the



[Photo by Sarony, New York.]

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS MIDGE.

Her father has been lynched, and she takes up her quarters with the Cowboys.

innocent flirtation between the "dude" cowboy—why "cowboy," seeing he is "boss" of the ranch, I cannot say—and the lady who, having a vile husband, amuses herself by using her beauty and wit for the purpose of trying to cause every man she meets to fall in love with her, is but moderately thrilling even when Teddy, after saving her life at desperate peril of his own, prevents her from discovering who was her rescuer and allows her to jest at him as a coward. The second part of the play wanders to pure Britannia melodrama, and for this reason seemed a little out of place.

The best of acting was given by Miss Gertrude Elliott as Midge, and in her performance there was a really fine touch of character. Miss Maxine Elliott, in the part of "the lady," certainly played with very much charm and ability, and Miss Estelle Mortimer was amusing as the pianiste. Mr. Goodwin, who presented the Cowboy effectively, is a clever actor well known by our playgoers. The Joe and Pete of Mr. Burr McIntosh and Mr. Niel O'Brien were excellent pieces of unforced, humorous acting, and Mr. John Flood accomplished a difficult task very skilfully. Perhaps, too, Mr. Oberle and Mr. Richard Sterling ought to be named.



THE BEAUTIFUL MAXINE ELLIOTT, WHO IS THE LADY LOVED BY THE COWBOYS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. WALTER BARNETT, HYDE PARK CORNER.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

I believe the course would be quite up to the average at Ascot if the racing did not soar above the plating order, as people go to the Royal Hunt to see and be seen. Luckily, the sport this week will be of the best, and the winners of many of the events may take some finding. I



A FOUR-IN-HAND.

like Eager's chance much for the Royal Hunt Cup, as this horse must have won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood had he not been interfered with. For the Ascot Gold Cup, I think that Gardefeu will beat all comers, as he is a stayer of the first water. Choson may win the Rous Memorial Stakes, and Birkenhead, if sent to the post, ought to capture the Hardwicke Stakes. Herminius may win the Alexandra Plate, which is worth £1500. The Windsor Castle Stakes look a good thing on paper for Vain Duchess, but John Porter's two-year-olds should be followed at the meeting.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins" is evidently the text very much believed in by certain good persons who run some philanthropic institutions, and send lady collectors on to our racecourses to gather in the money, a great deal of which is used to pay for tracts in which the Turf and all that appertains thereto is denounced in severely intemperate language. Racing-men are superstitious to a fault, and they are liberal with their silver, believing as they do that their acts of charity are bound to bring them luck; and any beggar who strews the path of a racegoer with "Good luck, Captain," is certain of reaping a rich harvest. But I do not think those philanthropists who are all the time denouncing racegoers should angle for the turfite's silver and his coppers.

The railway-carriages used for race-meetings are very much more comfortable than they were twenty years back; but I have found out a secret by which it is possible to travel to and from the course in ease and comfort. It is this: When first-class specials are advertised, I pay for my ticket, and, with a friend, look about for a third-class carriage. Should there be one on the train, we make for it and travel in state and loneliness, as I find that gentlemen who have paid for a first-class ticket will travel in a first-class carriage, even although they have to wait half-an-hour for a train. Some men do not object to travelling third-class; but with the ladies it is different, as they do not care to run the risk of having their frocks damaged, and you cannot blame them. At the same time, many of us men who like to travel in comfort are under an obligation to the railway companies who put a third-class carriage or two on to their first-class special trains.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club will not allow jockeys to bet. Why not extend the rule to trainers? I consider a trainer could make a good living out of the fees he gets for preparing his horses, and the market might well be left for the owners and the public, who pay the piper. But I have been told of little trainers who do not even care to train for non-betting owners, and they look upon the betting as the principal part of their business. It stands to reason that any trainer who is worrying his head about backing horses is not qualified to attend to his legitimate business, and, if I were a big owner, I would not employ a gambling trainer, and I certainly would not in any case allow a trainer to back any of my horses for a big amount. Why should the trainer monopolise the market to the exclusion of the owner and his friends?

One acknowledged authority once exclaimed, "The law is a hass!" and he evidently knew something. I think, however, even in the matter of laws, to prevent is often better than to cure, and, in the case of the pavement bookmakers, they should, first of all, be given warning by the police before they are taken into custody. Of course, the law must be

upheld, and it is perhaps necessary that fines should be meted out to those who sin against their country; but I do think that a warning might be given to those who appropriate a pitch and carry on a book day by day on the one spot.

If memory serves me aright, I have before explained how it is possible for big backers to take a little lot in nearly any race and find the winner. It is only necessary to find out before the start what horses are fit, also the ones that are trying. If it were possible to know the orders given to the jockeys in each case, it would make interesting reading. I have often thought that the Jockey Club should appoint an Inspector of Running, invested with plenty of authority, and he should be allowed to go to the starting-post and get from the jockeys before the start took place the exact wording of the orders given to them. The Book of Orders should be carefully kept, and be open to the inspection of the Handicappers. It should also contain remarks by the Starter as to how the horses got off, and also remarks by the Judge on the finish, especially as to those horses eased to keep them from being placed.

CAPTAIN COE.

Visitors at Sandown this year will have the benefit of the new Ocean Hotel, which has been built by Mr. Lowenfeld, late of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The idea of the hotel has been to make a place at once homely and luxurious, and where you can get the advantages of the English country-house and the smart restaurant.

The arrangements made at the commencement of the tourist season last year by the Great Western Railway for the collection and delivery of passengers' personal luggage in advance, at a minimum charge of sixpence per package, having proved so great a convenience to the travelling public, the company have largely extended the "luggage in advance" system. Luggage is now received at any station and forwarded in advance of the owner's journey to any station on the Great Western Railway, to wait until called for. Luggage is also collected at hotels or residences, forwarded in advance of the owner's journey, and delivered at hotels or residences at places where cartage service is performed. The collection and delivery are made in about three hundred towns. Special arrangements exist with Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Co. and the London Parcels Delivery Company to collect and deliver luggage outside the area of the Great Western Railway Company's London parcel delivery at slightly advanced rates. The Great Western Railway and the other English companies require that every article of luggage, whether sent in advance or not, shall have an addressed label showing the passenger's destination.

Bailey's Hotel, which belongs to Spiers and Pond, and has been patronised in its time by the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Siam, and the Sultan of Johore, and is the home of the Colonial magnate when in Town, has been brought anew under the hands of the architect and decorator. Mr. Thomas Garner is the former, and the new lounge which he has designed is delightful in its dignity. It is conceived on broad lines in the period of the later English Renaissance, and the oak carving with which it is embellished is very beautiful. The material employed is, of course, English oak, cut forty years ago, and the carving has been done by Messrs. Battee and Kett, of Cambridge, who rank among the first workers in wood in Europe, most of the modern stalls in our cathedrals having been done by them. One of the most attractive features of Bailey's Hotel is its unique and reposeful garden.



THE NEW LOUNGE AT BAILEY'S HOTEL.

Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road, S.W.

THEATRE NOTES.

Mr. E. H. Sothorn is a veritable chip of the old block. He has inherited much of the exceptional acting ability of his father, Edward Askew Sothorn, the inimitable Lord Dundreary, and the best of all the stage

David Garricks, and he enjoys a popularity in the United States as great as that which his father once had. "Young Sothorn," as he is affectionately called by thousands of admirers, is light, easy, and eminently graceful in style; but his great success lies in the sincerity which he imparts to every character impersonated by him. As a comedian, pure and simple, he played for several seasons in New York and all the other large cities of America to crowded houses; but "The Prisoner of Zenda" stamped him as a romantic actor, and he has recently

mother's name, and, as women about to become mothers were not guillotined, her life was spared. The child was born at the Conciergerie. She married M. Masson de Pont Neuf, Chamberlain to the Duc de Berry, but played at the Théâtre Français for fifty-four years, under the name of Madame Thénard, and taught the great Rachel, as also her granddaughter, the present Madame Thénard. The latter took the name and continued the traditions of her ancestors, playing for fourteen years at the Comédie Française. Her mother was brought up with the *enfants de France*, the children of the Duc de Berry, and sang at the Opera, afterwards marrying a banker. The name of Thénard is, therefore, one of the oldest and most respected in the history of the French stage, in connection with which it has been honourably and continuously known ever since 1760. It would be strange if the present Madame Thénard, the descendant of such a line and the inheritor of such traditions, were anything else but



MR. E. A. SOTHERN.

gained increased reputation in this line by his youthful and spirited rendering of the character of D'Artagnan.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal occupied one box and Mr. Gillette another at the first-night of "The Cowboy and the Lady," at the Duke of York's, last week. Mr. Gilbert was in the stalls.

Miss Vynor, whose portrait occupies the centre of this page, created the part of the Ayah Amina in "Carnae Sahib."

Madame Thénard, of the Comédie Française, is at present paying her annual visit to London, delivering lectures, "Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse," at Queen's Gate Hall. Her eloquence, the dramatic force and fire of her diction, her humour, and her striking and engaging personality make her a favourite in London, which she first visited eighteen years ago, and to which she has returned every year since. Her career has been extremely interesting, and she has been on terms of intimate friendship with most of the poets, dramatists, novelists, and artists who have achieved fame in France during the past quarter of a century. Her name, which was also her grandmother's and her great-grandmother's, has been famous in the theatrical profession in Paris for nearly a century and a-half, and no more striking instance of the passing down of name and



MISS VYNOR.

Photo by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

fame from mother to daughter and the long continuance of family traditions occurs in the annals of theatrical or, indeed, of any other art. The great-grandmother of the present representative of those traditions and the holder of that name played in pre-revolutionary days at the Comédie Française with Lekain and Talma, and continued to do so for thirty-nine years. She married the tragedian Fleury, and was arrested with him in 1793, suspected of having Royalist leanings. Fleury cried "Vive le Roi!" and lost his head in the guillotine for it. His wife, who was called "la grande Thénard," was about to give birth to the child who afterwards did honour to her

a farce, "Young Mr. Yarde," for Mr. Weedon Grossmith (all in collaboration with an Oxford friend, Mr. Harold Ellis). Also, with Mr. George Grossmith junior, and his brother, Mr. Walter Rubens (like himself, a clever musician), he has written the entertaining burlesque, "Great Caesar," now running at the Comedy. With all his success, he is genuinely modest, and prefaces every performance with an apology, sincerely meant, though always unnecessary. I do not think he will ever win the Diamond Sculls or write a critical essay on Schopenhauer; but, otherwise, I shall be surprised at no victory to which his great talents may lead him.



MR. PAUL RUBENS.

Photo by Soume, Oxford.

what she is—a great personality, a great artist, and a charming woman.

Poetry, painting, play-writing, the piano—it would tax the ingenuity of the *Morning Advertiser* to alliterate all the varied accomplishments of Mr. Paul Rubens, who has come to the front in connection with the songs he has written and composed for "Little Miss Nobody" and "L'Amour Mouillé." He has reached the mature age of twenty-four years, and his life has been an eventful one. At twelve he composed the music to an operetta—never, I believe, performed—which bore the promising if somewhat reminiscent title of "King Picklegrubber the First; or, Strange Goings-on in Paraboo." At Winchester he was known first as leading soprano in the School Choral Society, and, later, as favourite soloist at "Mrs. Dick's" celebrated afternoons, and as a redeeming feature in the school band. At Oxford he was a sort of C. B. Fry in the social world. He was a member of Vincent's, the Grid, and the "O. U. D. S.," and on the Committee of two of them. He conducted the 'Varsity Orchestra, presided and sang (generally his own songs) at every smoking concert, and acted principal parts in Shakspeare and Greek plays, as well as in less classical entertainments. Since leaving Oxford, two years ago, and in the intervals of reading for the Bar, he has twice written burlesques for the Footlights Club at Cambridge, as well as



MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS D'ARTAGNAN.



HERR DIPPEL AS SIEGFRIED.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, June 14, 9.15; Thursday, 9.16; Friday, 9.17; Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, 9.18.

A very picturesque Cycling Gymkhana was held last Saturday week in the quaint old-world gardens of the Albany Club at Kingston-on-Thames. It opened with a tortoise-race, run, or rather, "crawled," in



SNAPSHOTTED AT THE ALBANY CLUB GYMKHANA.

three heats, and was eventually won by Miss Valentine and J. W. Marnock. Then came "tilting at the ring." The bending-race, which consisted of riding in and out of a long line of bowling-balls, was won by Miss Valentine. Amongst the events for gentlemen, the "hat-trimming" competition was very amusing, the winning *chapeau* (trimmed in under four minutes by Mr. Timbs) being a hat of the sailor persuasion, turned up at one side with a bunch of coloured ribbons and a cluster of flowers. The gentlemen's obstacle-race was won by Captain Worsley. The competitors mounted their bicycles, opened an umbrella, rode down the lawn to a table, dismounted, closed their umbrella, lit a cigarette, opened and then drank from out of the bottle the soda-water therein contained, and rode back to the starting-point with opened umbrella and lighted cigarette. By the way, I may note that the Albany Club have a pretty lawn at Henley.

Should servants be allowed to cycle? This is a very momentous question in many a household just now. Mistresses and young ladies of the house feel their privileges are infringed when the cook and housemaid also have wheels which, it is quite likely, are as smart as those belonging to the young ladies themselves. When the evening spin is being taken, Miss Muriel rather resents meeting Ada, the under-housemaid, out with the young man who leaves the milk in the morning. The sensation is like going to the theatre and finding the footman in the next stall. Many mistresses have set their faces strongly against servants cycling, and refuse to employ girls if they have a proneness to bike. Others, with a little shrug, simply accept the inevitable. For now it is no uncommon thing for the new maid to turn up at her "place" with a machine among her luggage. The servants argue that it has got nothing to do with the mistress whether they bicycle or walk or go 'bus-rides on their "nights out." So the battle wages. Personally, I think the servants will win. Wasn't there an equally stern fight years ago over whether servants should be permitted to wear flowers in their hats? Now, most maids wear as flamboyant headgear as they like, and few mistresses have the courage to whisper even a word of protest.

I heard the other day of a household where the servants were obliged to sign an agreement that they would neither buy nor hire bicycles. The family went abroad for a few months, and, on returning, they were exceedingly proud of their triumph over "downstairs," whereas their friends were worried by the servants insisting on having bicycles or leaving. But, whenever they crowded particularly loud, these friends would smile knowingly. At last there was an explanation. "It's true your servants didn't buy or hire machines while you were on the Continent," they were told; "but they've been having a good time riding the bicycles that you left behind, so that the machines have been in constant use, instead of being stored away, as you thought." After that, it was thought well to abrogate the agreement, and let the servants buy bicycles of their own.

Cyclists are a thirsty lot. The other Sunday, fifteen hundred bottles of mineral-water were sold at a temperance house at Coulsdon. Of course, mineral-water is better than alcohol. Beer makes one perspire like an overworked drayman, and spirits are absolutely ruinous to breathing comfortably. I advocate strongly that you drink as little as possible when riding. Once give way to the habit of feeling thirsty—and it is little more than a habit—you will want to stop for water or lemonade or gingerbeer every two or three miles. I can speak from experience, for I do believe that once I was the thirstiest man that ever got astride a wheel. But I cured myself until I was able to ride under a blazing Indian sun, and on the blistering, scorching alkali desert of America, with nothing more than the discomfort of getting a hard tongue. I am never thirsty in England. Last week I rode fifty miles on a hot day without any

drink, and only once rinsed my mouth. Cyclists are infinitely better without drink of any kind. When the thirst comes, resist it, and very soon you will notice the desire will have disappeared.

I go about England a good deal, and a very striking fact it is that good riding in some localities is usual, while in other localities there is almost an epidemic of bad riding. Styles of wheeling, like the measles, must be contagious. Taking towns as a whole, the best cycling I have seen is in Newcastle and Nottingham. London, speaking in a wide general sense, is the worst of the lot. I don't advocate the crouching, humped-back attitude. But the worst riders are those who sit too far back and bolt upright. A great amount of pedal force is wasted by sitting back. Then comfort is lost by the upright position. There is no rounding of the shoulders in leaning forward slightly. It is a distinct advantage to have some of your weight thrown on the arms. The most serviceable easy height to have the handle-bars is just an inch higher than the saddle.

The most interesting cycle-maps are those of the panoramic description, where the country is revealed to you, picture-like, very similar to a yard-long panoramic view of the Upper Thames that I have in my drawer. I am glad to see the *Cycle* is weekly publishing a panoramic road-map of well-known cycling districts; accompanied by useful notes of what is to be seen by the way. These maps are capital, and I hope ultimately they will be published in pocket-book form.

Somebody has worked out a calculation that there are fourteen million bicycles in the world.

A point of much interest to riders is what they should pay extra to cabmen for carrying a bicycle. Cabmen, I know, often try to extract a shilling, especially from ladies. But sixpence is sufficient.

The record of a year's riding is held by a man named George, of Philadelphia. In the 365 days he covered 32,479 miles, or an average of 89½ miles a-day. Edward Hale is about attempting to go one better, by riding 100 miles a-day. Hale is a tall, wiry man, thirty-five years of age, and has had plenty of experience already in long-distance racing. He will travel all over England, accomplishing a century a-day. To prove the genuineness of the ride, he intends to carry a book, and hopes to get signatures every twenty miles or so. Further, he believes that local men will frequently accompany him. The ride is not being undertaken as a purely athletic feat. The main object is to boom a particular bicycle.

A neat little circular dealing with the merits of the "Northfleet" has reached me. I've never been astride a "Northfleet" myself, but I know several riders who are enthusiastic. The machine, while like other bicycles in general outline, has a new method of applying power. The cranks, instead of being attached to a toothed chain-wheel, as in the ordinary bicycle, have a lever-arm, along which the chain or strand is adjustable, and so the gearing may be varied through four or five stages, from the equivalents of 60 inches to 130. The length of the stroke is not affected by the variation of gear. The cranks, 10½ inches long, do not revolve, but move up and down through an arc of the circle. Of course, to be able to instantly lower your gear when in a hilly district, and increase it when in a level, is a great advantage. Besides, when "coasting," it is not necessary to remove the feet from the pedals—the cycle runs free without them; a powerful roller-brake on the rear-wheel



TILTING AT THE RING AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

is applied by pressing both pedals downwards, so that, in "coasting," the pedals not only act as foot-rests, but by them the brake may be instantly applied to the driving-wheel. For ladies especially the "Northfleet" has certainly many attractions.

J. F. F.

The North-Eastern Railway Company's Guide to the Hotels and Furnished Lodgings in Farmhouses and Seaside and Country Villages in the districts served by that company costs only twopence. The guide can be obtained post-free from the Superintendent of the line, York, and intending visitors would do well, before making their summer holiday arrangements, to obtain a copy.

A WEEK AT THE PLAY.

What a week it has been for the first-nighter! The critic was invited to no fewer than nine playhouses, with the following attractions (the first play is dealt with in a previous page)—

Monday	{ "The Cowboy and the Lady" Duke of York's.
	{ "A Gaiety Girl" Daly's.
	{ "The Dream of Whitaker's Almanack" Crystal Palace.
Tuesday	{ "The Heather Field" Terry's.
	{ "H.M.S. Pinafore" Savoy.
Thursday	Sarah Bernhardt Adelphi.
Friday ...	"Pot-Pourri" Avenue.
Saturday	{ "Halves" Garrick.
	{ Rayon d'Or Lyric.

"A GAIETY GIRL" IS EXHUMED.

The old Gaiety Girl who presents herself now at Daly's Theatre seems surprisingly young and smart. Some of her supporters have changed, but, on the whole, there is no ground for complaint. Indeed, I consider that the present company is stronger than the original, which is saying a good deal. Miss Lottie Venne plays her old part as well as ever, and one or two other originals are in the cast. Miss Aileen d'Orme is a lively French maid; Mr. Scott Russell I think preferable to Mr. Hayden Coffin as the hero, Charley; and Mr. Rutland Barrington, whose loss we felt no little in "Pinafore," is admirable as the Divorce Court Judge. To a slight extent, he reminds me of the valuable President who preceded Sir Francis Jeune. One could not demand a prettier Miss Alma than Miss Marie Studholme. The Rose Brierley of Miss Hilda Moody is quite delightful. The young lady sings charmingly, and shows a very agreeable art as an actress. Most of the musical numbers were received with enthusiasm. E. F. S.

"THE PINAFORE" RULES THE WAVES AGAIN.

How delightful "The Pinafore" still remains. It is so full of character that it will become old without being old-fashioned. I have always thought that the Savoy will ultimately become a repertoire theatre, with Gilbert and Sullivan's successes of the past twenty-one years as the staple entertainment, just as Mozart forms the backbone of the little theatre at Munich. I was absolutely charmed by its great gaiety, and by its adherence to the very formula which has made the later Gilbert and Sullivan operas a trifle tedious to the younger generation. "H.M.S. Pinafore" is perfectly acted, spoken, and sung. Mr. H. A. Lytton is my ideal Corcoran; Mr. Passmore, omitting to be Cockney for once, makes Sir Joseph amusing; Mr. Erett, a capital tenor, is the Ralph; Miss Ruth Vincent is Josephine. Of the original cast, Mr. Richard Temple alone remains, and he is as good as ever. "The Pinafore" is simply delightful. J. M. B.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION BETWEEN "W. A." AND GEORGE MOORE.

Has "The Heather Field" introduced to us a new dramatist of importance? I am not sure what the answer to the question ought to be. Mr. George Moore, in his attack on Mr. William Archer, sets the play on so high a pedestal, that it is not unnatural that saner critics should be likely to underrate his work. Moreover, it may not be said, despite the really remarkable quality of Mr. Kingston's acting, and a wonderful child-performance by Master Sefton, that the presentation of the piece at Terry's Theatre did full justice to it. Certainly, the author has reached a very fair amount of success in attempting an immensely difficult task. "The Heather Field"—putting aside questions of symbolism—is a heather-grown hill which an Irish landowner endeavours to reclaim for pasture. In his efforts, he contracts heavy debts, and, in the end, the ungrateful mountain foils his plan by bringing forth the wild heather again. The result is that Carden Tyrrell, the landowner, goes out of his mind, but finds happiness in insanity, which, fortunately, causes him to think he is living in a dreamland where everything is young and beautiful. It may be that even duration in an asylum would not awaken him from his dream. It is easy to scoff and to suggest that a study of growing madness is not very well suited to the stage; but, even if the play hung fire at times, on the whole it proved deeply interesting to playgoers willing to pay something with their brains as well as their

pockets for their pleasure. One may hope that the author will soon give us some play appealing to a larger audience. Experience suggests that he would be wise not to have his next work produced on a blazing hot summer's day in June. "The Heather Field" has at least served one useful purpose, in bringing to the notice of the world the really valuable quality of Mr. Kingston, a young actor who hitherto has not attracted great attention. E. F. S.

BERNHARDT RETURNS.

Fancy the summer season without Bernhardt! Of course, you would not; and there is no need to fancy, since she is here. Ere these lines appear she will have shown us a new female Hamlet, but as yet we have had to be content with "La Tosca." And the critics are discontented with "La Tosca," and call her hard names, inveighing heartily against the torture business. I do not remember that we indulged in this invective when we first saw the piece, though the charge of brutality was made when it appeared in English dress, as it was against that really fine work, "Alan's Wife," the authorship of which is still a mystery. However, we are almost unanimous that to watch the great French actress's display of agony when her lover is being tortured in the next room is too painful, and that the scene is without the limits of art. "Is she in good form?" is the natural question. If there were some signs of fatigue, was it amazing? Even she, one of the hardest workers and most strenuous creatures and strongest, must have moments of lassitude, and, of course, she is uneven. The player who can always play a difficult part very well will never play it very well. Yet, if there were moments of unusual relaxation, they were atoned for—the big scenes were played as prodigiously as ever. I think we may say she is in good form, and that in the Hamlet, even if it be unlike our concept of the part—which I expect will be the case—she will thrill and amaze the world, even despite the language barrier that will prove an obstacle for many. Concerning individual members of her excellent company there seems no need to speak at present. E. F. S.

REVUE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The production of the Revue, "The Dream of Whitaker's Almanack," places the Crystal Palace in the front rank of entertainment. Violet Cameron, younger than ever, and showing that five years' absence from the stage has done nothing to her detriment, is the hero; Louie Pounds, whose progress in stageland has been so rapid, is the heroine. Madame Cavallazzi Mapleson is the Spirit of the Times, and makes the spectator wish that the times produced more artists who know so well how to walk, how to speak in pantomime, and how to wear their clothes. Mesdames Laura Linden, Hannah Jones, Violet Neville, Kitty Merton, and Ida Lawrence are among the artists who brighten the performance with their singing or dancing; and the men include Leo Stormont, with some capital songs; Lionel Rignold, with a couple of low-comedy parts; Arthur Helmore, with a burlesque of Irving and Wyndham worth going miles to see and hear; Avalon Collard, William Vokes, and two very clever performers with Indian clubs whom Mr. Gillman found at the Folies-Bergère. Georges Jacobi has composed the ballets and conducts the music throughout; Walter Slaughter, Florian Pascal, and Walter Hedgecock—whose comic *scena* dealing with a contest between Italian and German Opera is very clever—have composed the songs. Pilotelle has designed some wonderful dresses, particularly noticeable being Madame Cavallazzi's first costume with its tissue in which yellow, reseda, and blue are woven into subtle harmony. Mr. Beauchamp's book is cleverly slight, a welcome change after meeting so many books that are slightly clever. The songs are good, and the dancing even better. Madame Cavallazzi and Signor Carlo Coppi have done their best; they have collected such a *corps de ballet*—mainly composed of Madam Cavallazzi's pupils—as the Crystal Palace has never seen before. The people who delight in saying that ballet requires little brainwork for its production would do well to watch the intricate evolutions of the Carlton, Reform, Garrick, Turf, Sports, Eccentric, and other clubs in the Clubland ballet. To be brief, "A Dream of Whitaker's Almanack" has every constituent of success, and the visitor from the far ends of London will not regret the journey down to Sydenham. S. L. B.



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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Some women who possess their souls in superstitious fancies have chosen to imagine that, in accordance with the well-established ill-behaviour of this Season's weather, we shall probably have a wet Ascot, and have forthwith done the correct sporting thing by "hedging" with their



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A GOWN FOR ASCOT BY SIMMONS AND SONS.

dressmakers, who are, in many instances, preparing summer tailor-mades as well as chiffons for their various customers "by desire." The practical, graceful, and suitable tailor-made is certainly a thing of inexhaustible resources, though in June its charms are perhaps not so obvious as at seasons less favoured by beneficent sunbeams.

The little bolero of stuff which matches the skirt and finishes just below the waistband is at present in high favour with smart Parisiennes. Its advantages to the woman with a figure are several; for, firstly, it shows off the waist, a primary condition to the smart exterior; and secondly, it is what the dressmakers call "young-looking," and calculated to detract quite five seasons from the slenderly built damsel, a consideration always to be treated with the respect it merits.

Again, the chemisettes of foulard, glacé taffetas, and cambric, which give such a gay and dainty note to one's altogether, and are an inevitable accompaniment of the bolero, are at the moment extremely affected by our sisters of the Seine-side.

Some, and these are, perhaps, the most popular, are treated to insertions of real lace, which show up the silk slip underneath. Ruches of gauze are also a favoured way of trimming the more elaborate versions. High lace or silk collars, either turned down or otherwise, which are now inseparably worn with them, have a very smart effect. The manly tie, which retains its masculinity only in form, being generally made of gauze or taffetas, is also an invariable accessory.

Lady Muriel Parsons, who is one of this Season's pretty girls, was

wearing a charming little chemisette of this sort the other day in Sloane Street. It was made of shot-pink and silver-grey glacé taffetas, with small pleats, done in groups of three, separated by an arrangement of cambric over a pink silk slip foundation; the collar and cuffs were of open-work cambric, after the correct manner of the latest mode, and the smart pleated tie of taffetas appeared in front.

Locust-green is the newest of new colours, and several gowns in this charming tone appeared on the Maidenhead Riverside Club lawn last Sunday. One which was noticeably charming was worn by Lady Clarke Jervoise, whose hat made a pretty contrast, trimmed in all shades in pink and crimson roses. The gown itself was in crêpe-de-Chine, and strewn with a pattern of white flowers, and the yoke of fine embroidery was very cleverly arranged; the collar and cuffs being of plain white silk with a little stitchery of locust-green silk to match.

Satin braidings are another novelty, and have a good effect on jackets and capes done in pale-coloured cloth. When contrasted with the shade of the dress, it forms a very effective style of decoration, and is used in conjunction with guipure applications, through which white or coloured chiffon is pulled up in tiny puffs, which is also one other item of the latest novelties.

A just-introduced device of the ever-alert Parisian dressmaker is to do without corsets altogether in the new régime of tightly moulded bodices and skirts. Dresses made thus are so moulded to the form and so stiffly boned that the corset becomes under this new contrivance an unnecessary part



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A SIMMONS GOWN FOR THE SEASIDE.

of the toilette. The actual reason of its being sent to Coventry is that, no matter how skilfully made, its outlines always show through the present plain style of slim, straight bodices.

With this clever substitute all this disappears, at a greatly increased gain both in appearance and comfort. English dressmakers of the first flight are already adopting this excellent innovation, and, though corset-makers may weep, the sex at large will go rejoicing if, instead of the

tightly embracing stays, we shall be enclosed only in the shapely clasp of a well-cut bodice.

At Messrs. J. Simmons and Sons', of well-established Haymarket fame, there were a whole group of charming dresses the other day, all bound for delivery to their various owners, who will sport them at Ascot. Many of these frocks had an originality and elegance which are not always obtainable from more highly priced modistes. There was one made up in a very exquisite shade of grey, called "pigeon-throat" in Paris, which was composed of light woollen canvas over silk in a pale-green which exactly gives that metallic sheen and lustre that Nature paints on the pigeon's breast. Its short tunic was trimmed round the bottom with rows of the inevitable stitching now so much in vogue. One of the new dyed guipure insertions was laid between, and the material being cut away from behind, allowed the green silk of the lining to show through. Under the tunic came a festooned flounce of the canvas; a clever arrangement of tucked white cambric formed the



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FOR A GARDEN-PARTY.

waistcoat; and shawl lapels, prolonging themselves into a square navy-collar at the back, had the becoming effect of increasing one's shoulder-width without intrenching on the fashionable necessity which condemns us to the unbecoming tight sleeve. These lapels, which began at the waist, were trimmed with stitchery and guipure to match the edge of tunic.

Other more elaborate dresses were also here on view, chiefly of white cambric with insertions of Valenciennes, embroidered from the yoke to the end of tunic, where a couple of soft flounces set out about the feet. The correct thing is, of course, that all these white cambric dresses should be made over white silk, and Messrs. Simmons have an admirable plan whereby the skirt is made detachable from its foundation, so that one or both can be cleaned at will.

Amongst the very last novelties which they have imported from Paris were charming white-ground foulards printed with small black spots. This material is actually in the last cry, and nothing can exceed its smart appearance when well put together, with accessories of either black or white lace, and an accompanying *chapeau* plentifully flanked with pink roses.

Many of the smart dresses worn at last Sunday's Auteuil meeting of the *crème* of French Society were of these new white foulards treated to black spots of different sizes. Many others, again, had cashmere patterns on a black or white ground, which are exceedingly elegant, and will, no doubt, be plentifully seen here within the next three or four weeks. White tulle, which played such a frequent part in the evening toilettes of two generations ago, is coming into favour once more, but it appears in a more elaborate guise nowadays, being plentifully covered, as a rule, with fine floss-silk embroidery. The very newest possible version of the up-to-date ball-gown was worn at Lady Bute's dance at St. John's Lodge last week, its wearer having brought it over direct from Paris. The tunic, slightly draped and nearly tight-fitting, was of this embroidered tulle, little flower-shaped rosettes of pale-pink taffetas trimming it on one side. The skirt, which made a rather long train, was of white silk, with magnificent applications of lace that went up as far as the end of tunic, where little fringes of ravelled pink silk appeared. These also edged the embroidered bolero, which was worn over the bodice as well as the edge of tunic and the skirt. I think this dress was one of the smartest I have seen so far this Season.

Before leaving the subject of Ascot and Ascot gowns, I have to direct attention to the smart little frock illustrated this week, which is one of Messrs. Simmons' most successful creations for that festive gathering. It will figure on Cup-day, and doubtless receive the meed of admiration its merits so well deserve. The material of which the bolero and skirt are made is a pink-patterned foulard, with narrow satin ribbons in different graduated shades edging the bolero. The turned-down collar is of white piqué, with one narrow line of black bébé velvet bordering it. The stock-collar is of folded white satin, as is the high waist-belt. Altogether, the combination of an artist!

The other gown, which has been prepared for a seaside occasion, is smart and strictly utilitarian to boot, the polished cloth of which it is made being of a full shade of tan. The three shaped collars are stitched in the newest manner in the same shade of silk, similar treatment being applied to the sleeves. The bodice, which is buttoned below the cravat with the new links in dull gold, is a very becoming shape, and I think no better idea for a smart summer knockabout-gown could possibly be devised.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

MEHLA.—I have asked Mr. Carmichael, of Bond Street, a known authority on the subject of complexions, as to whether the process you ask about is practicable and possible. He justly and honestly denounces it as both injurious and ineffectual. So, do be persuaded and keep your skin on—if one may plagiarise a rude but, I fear, therefore well-known expression. I am enjoined to tell you, by the before-mentioned authority, that massage is the only safe and effectual remedy for wrinkles and blemishes of all sorts.

SYBIL.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE NEW BOY.

His name is Parr: he says that he
Is given bread-and-milk for tea;
He says his father killed a bear;
He says his mother cuts his hair.

He wears goloshes when it's wet;
I've heard his people call him "Pet!"
He has no proper sense of shame—
He told the chaps his Christian name.

He cannot wicket-keep at all,
He's frightened of a cricket-ball;
He reads indoors for hours and hours;
He knows the names of beastly flowers.

He says his French just like Mossoo
(A beastly stuck-up thing to do);
He won't keep *Cave*—shirks his turn,
And says he came to school to learn!

He won't play football—says it hurts;
He wouldn't fight with Paley *terts*;
He couldn't whistle if he tried,
And when we laughed at him he cried.

Now Wigsby *minor* says that Parr
Is only like all new boys are.
I know, when I first came to school,
I wasn't such a jolly fool!

Passengers who purpose visiting Ascot during the races, and intend to travel by the Great Western Railway to Windsor, and thence through the charming scenery of Windsor Great Park, are informed that, in addition to the ordinary train service on each of the race-days, special fast trains, at ordinary fares, for Windsor, will leave Paddington at convenient times, returning in the evening, and that well-appointed four-horse brakes will be provided to convey passengers from Windsor Station to the course and back. Daily excursions are run to Windsor and back at a third-class fare of 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained at the usual offices.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 23.

THE MARKETS.

Apart from, perhaps, some little squeeze at the end of the quarter, which happens to coincide with the next Settlement, there appears to be no fear of dear money for a couple of months at least, perhaps not until the autumn. At any rate, the horizon is fairly clear till the end of July. The fall in Consols may have been due, to some extent, to the failure of Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger to come to terms, but we think the stranding of the Japanese Loan underwriters, and the necessity under which a good many financial institutions were thereby placed of providing large sums to pay for stock, has had more to do with it than fear of war. Copper things have been flat, with Tintos down at one time to 45½ and Anacondas below 10½. The market is a very tricky one, and the only way to make money, at least for outsiders, is to buy when flattest and sell when everybody else is rushing about to buy.

We hear, on authority which we know to be good, that Exploration Company's shares ought to be bought, not, perhaps, for a quick gamble, but for a steady rise. Our informant is on intimate terms with the most influential persons connected with the management, and tells us that the company has realised more profit in the last four months than was shown in the balance-sheet for the whole of last year. Our readers must take the information for what it may be worth, but we have every faith in it. In our issue of May 24 we referred to the astonishing progress which the Southern States of America were making in various industries, and commented on the fact that the cotton industry was leaving New England and making its home in Alabama, and we went on to say that, before the old mills were abandoned, they might be offered as a "splendid bargain" to the British public. At that time we had no idea that our prognostications would so speedily come true, but, last week, we were shown a prospectus of the New England Cotton Spinning Company, formed for the purpose of taking over a number of these very factories. Our readers will, we trust, not forget that we have sounded a note of warning should they be asked either to underwrite or to subscribe.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

If there is any big, sound British undertaking that is on the look-out for a favourable plunge into the waters of a public issue, now is its chance. The Miscellaneous Market in the Stock Exchange is spoiling for a novelty, and anything with a well-known name to it, and not too heavily over-capitalised, would be hailed with delight both in Throgmorton Street and in the homes of those hundreds of small investors whose five Lipton shares have served to convert into "stags" of the keenest order. But the horizon remains clear, and there is nothing to buy but Rotherhams, and Day and Martin, and Measures, respectable shares that will most likely increase in value as the years roll on, but which present little prospect of a sharp and early rise.

A chorus of disappointment greeted the issue of the Whiteley prospectus, "all debentures and no prizes," as a stockbroker remarked. We think it is rather a pity to have talked so much about the issue, and to have had so many postponements, and then, after all, to keep the plums religiously out of the public's way; but, of course, Mr. Whiteley has a perfect right to do as he likes with his own, however much some people appear to think to the contrary. The Debentures are not worth more than 110, that is quite certain, because the yield at this price is only 3½ per cent., with not much chance of an improvement. At 106 they are worth buying; the security is good enough.

Cycle shares are still fast asleep, and, perhaps, a little money invested in some of the best (we speak in comparisons) would increase considerably within the course of a year or eighteen months. As a very speculative proposition, we would recommend Humber Preference, which can be picked up in Birmingham for about half-a-guinea each. Singers are also among the first to be taken in hand when any rise is stirring. Dunlops are not likely to do any good until the capital is scaled down; indeed, the same remark applies to only too many of the shares in the unfortunate Cycle list.

Of the higher-priced shares, Hudson's Bay are worth buying, and for investment purposes a purchase of Vickers will probably bring its own reward. The Bread-and-Butter Market is singularly quiet. Lyons' shares are likely to advance up to the time of the opening of the new Throgmorton Street branch, but buyers should put their money into the new shares rather than the old, since many of the shareholders will sell their odd lots of the former—they always do when a new issue is made—and until these are cleared out of the way the price is likely to be kept down.

A LITTLE TRUST.

So many readers are asking us to indicate to them half-a-dozen securities by spreading over which, say, £1000, they may be able to obtain from 4½ to 5 per cent. with reasonable safety, that we have determined to publish from time to time a series of little trusts suitable for various classes of investors, and, as a sample for a person desiring to get, say, 5 per cent., we offer the following—

	Cost.	Income.
£100 Imperial Continental Gas Stock	£227	£10 0
£200 Industrial Trust Unified Stock	211	10 0
33 Pearson's 5½ per cent. Pref. shares	161	8 11
£200 City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds	198	10 0
£200 United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures	206	12 0
Total	£1003	£50 11

All the securities tabulated are officially quoted upon the London Stock Exchange and are readily marketable, except perhaps the Brewery Debentures, in which, however, it is easy to deal in fair amounts of stock. Behind these Debentures (which cannot be redeemed below 110) there are £350,000 of 8 per cent. Preference Shares and £350,000 of Ordinary shares, which latter for the last nine years have received a dividend of 10 per cent. or over, so that, as far as it is humanly possible to see, the Debenture interest is amply secure, and we believe that the freehold property upon which they are secured is worth (apart from the business) more than the total capital value of the issue.

Of the other securities, Imperial Continental Gas Stock may be expected to yield a safe 10 per cent., with perhaps a rise to the old figure of 12 per cent. in a few years. The Industrial Trust is managed by careful men of business, and its income shows a considerable surplus over the amount necessary to pay the present dividend of 5 per cent., while there are very few "soft" assets standing in its balance-sheet. The income of C. A. Pearson, Limited, is, according to the last report, more than three times the sum required to assure the punctual payment of the Preference dividend, and City of Mexico bonds are a security steadily improving with the general prosperity of the country. The issue is being diminished by annual drawings at par, and, unless the unforeseen happens by a new and unexpectedly heavy fall in silver, the price should go to 101 or 102.

There is no liability on any of these securities, and we have no doubt most bankers would readily lend from 70 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the cost-price if the holder required an immediate advance.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

It is not a very happy place, this Stock Exchange, when it works itself up to a semi-panic. It walks round wearing a weary, worried look, and even the markets, that are not directly interested in the slump are infected with a spirit of sympathetic nervousness. A curious feature of the fall in Kafirs, since the unfortunate result of the Conference was announced, has been the absence of any feverish excitement such as usually attends a sudden slump. Prices seemed to give way almost of themselves, almost without any selling to cause the decline. What closing of accounts there was came from those "bulls" who had bought largely last week in hopes of good Bloemfontein news, and who were too utterly disgusted at the course which events have taken to see their shares over another Settlement. I have seen a good many slumps in the House, but never such a quiet one as this last has been; in fact, one might say that the drop was conducted throughout in the most gentlemanly way. This, too, in the very market of which a jobber said, the other day, that it was the best school for bad manners in London. Perhaps his petulance, however, had something to do with a favourite corn and a broker with whom he dared not remonstrate.

The fall in Consols is, of course, put down to the eternal Transvaal question, and investment securities have suffered with them. The new Russian Railway Loan met with a very chilly reception in the Foreign Market, patriotism to a large extent militating against the desire for a cheap investment. So far as security is concerned, the Bonds are undeniably attractive, with the whole weight of the Russian Government's guarantee behind them; and if Whiteley's Debentures are worth 109, these Russian Railway Bonds ought to be quoted a few points higher, on comparison of the security offered in each case. Russian Loans, however, have always been regarded with an unfavourable eye in the House, and a strong feeling is abroad that Russia is a "tricky country," well up in all the ways of *haute finance*. The uneasiness has got so far as the Oil companies, and it is gravely asserted that, if war broke out between Russia and this country, confiscation of their property would be the order of the day for the British Oil undertakings. Be this how it may, the instinctive feeling of dislike does not seem to have been lessened by Russia's introduction of a Railway Loan whose effect may be to promote the Czar's interests at the direct expense of the Queen's. "Let them stick to Paris," was the remark I overheard yesterday; "we don't want any more of their loans over here, and this one ought not to be allowed a quotation in the Official List." The language was more strong than reasonable, but it certainly voiced the sentiments of a good many Stock Exchange men upon the subject.

The Stock Exchange Clearing House has earned the well-deserved irritation and annoyance of all who are unfortunate enough to belong to it, as well as others who are affected by the new arrangement for fixing Making-up prices in certain mining shares four clear days before the actual day of settlement. Redress is half-promised, but it is high time that the Clearing House was altogether reorganised upon a businesslike basis. Instead of the rag-tag and bobtail that troop upstairs every Contango-day—drawn from Government offices and any other place whose hours permit of the clerks leaving early—there ought to be a properly qualified staff. Poor Mr. Bellairs has to put up with the most queerly assorted mixture of fellows that ever fell to the lot of man to lick into shape, and precious little aid does he get from the Committee. We hear a good deal about the desecration of the Day of Rest, and certain members of the Stock Exchange Committee have been loud in their denunciation of the seven-day journals that have just died. Why, then, do they allow the Settlement ever to fall on such a day as makes it imperative for part of the Clearing House staff to be at work on Sunday? They know perfectly well that a Wednesday Account-day does entail this Sunday labour, and that men are hard at work poring over Chartered and Randfontein lists while they, comfortably seated in church, are confessing themselves "miserable sinners." So they are.

Home Rails are adversely affected by the drop in Consols, and speculators on the "bull" tack in the Mining Markets have been selling some of their investments in order to pay the differences on the Account-day. Districts have proved an exception to the general dullness, having been taken in hand again by the clique. A temporary point in their favour is that the new Central London Railway is still far from complete, although the original contract provided that the line should be all ready for traffic by the end of this month. Another half-year's work will be required before the line can be opened. There is a revival of the rumours as to the acquisition of the District by the Great Western, but up to the time of writing there is nothing whatever known definitely. South-Western Deferred looks cheap at 84½, and Midland Preferred at 82 should commend itself to investors. North British issues have not been much moved by the juggling of the pieces on the Board.

It is something of a relief to turn one's thoughts to the Yankee Market. Here, at least, things have still a spring left in them, and if the Kafir slump doesn't terminate pretty soon, I should think that Wall Street will arrange another of its little booms for the exclusive benefit of Capel Court. Milwaukeees, among the dearer shares, are talked much higher, and Little Eries may go better if the proposed raising of the price of anthracite coal is carried out. On the whole, I do not see much hope for a sustained rise in Yankees this side of the Fall;

the hot weather is generally enough to keep Wall Street quiet, and, so far, there is no disposition on the part of people on this side to speculate in Yankees. Grand Trunks are being bought by knowing people, and the strike seems practically over. The Second Preference at 54½ is a good gamble, and, to fly to another market altogether, I see very well-informed buying in the Uruguay Market. The 3½ per cent. Bonds now stand at 48.

The Kaffir Market owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Lazarus for his public-spirited protest against the stupid fifth Settling-Day, and also for his petition to the Committee begging for a seat in the new "Extension" of that market. A fellow-dealer was promptly ejected for expressing his hope that the Committee's reply would be something more than a mere "matter of form."

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.

How disappointed the Kaffir Circus was at the result of the Milner-Kruger negotiations, and how greatly it had set its heart upon some definite reforms in the Transvaal, was evident by the grievous fall that occurred when the failure of the Conference became known. That was last Wednesday, and the market is still suffering from the collapse, although prices have recovered to a small extent and the voice of the buyer is once more heard in the land. The eager "bullishness" of the speculators that were left in the Kaffir Market has, however, received a severe damper, and the cold douche has greatly invigorated the pessimists and the "bears."

Viewing the situation dispassionately, what harm has been done, after all? "Oh! but," says the Imperialist "bull" despairingly, "think of the war that is bound to follow Kruger's refusal to come to terms. It wasn't so bad before they met; but is the Government going to accept one more rebuff without saying anything?" To which we—by no means chronic "bulls," let us observe—reply that, to go to war because a Britisher must not vote, or because dynamite is expensive, would be too absurd, even for a nineteenth-century Government. Things will shake down again, there is not a bit of doubt, and to sell Kaffirs to-day that have cost more than their present prices is to throw money away. Good shares, such as Durban, Geldenhuys, Simmer and Jack, or Goldfields, are bound to recover, in spite of the prices being high; it is merely a question of sooner or later.

With Rhodesians the case is somewhat different. A war with the Transvaal, it is argued, would not affect Rhodesians in the least. We think it would. Any disturbance at the Cape is pretty sure to react upon Bulawayo, and, while the Kaffir Market remains in its present restive condition, Rhodesians will also be sympathetically weak. Moreover, this latter department has lately enjoyed such a rise that any depressing news will be keenly felt, the support of the insiders being in the course of slow withdrawal. We would prefer buying Kaffirs to Rhodesians; in fact, in our opinion, an exchange would prove distinctly profitable in the long-run.

KANGAROOS.

At first blush, there seemed neither rhyme nor reason for the fall in Westralians last week, concurrently with the slump in Kaffirs. The matter is explainable by the fact that many Kaffir operators are also largely interested in Kangaroo shares, and, after scuttling out of their South Africans, they rushed to close their remaining commitments. It was also feared that some of the Kaffir magnates might refuse their customary support to the West Australian Market in the day of Contangos; and, in addition to all this, the spirit of fear was working wildly in the Mining Markets, regardless of geography and common-sense.

In looking quietly ahead, as we have done with Kaffirs and Rhodesians, it becomes apparent that the fall has brought the market to a healthier starting-point for a fresh advance. The shaking-out of the weak "bulls" will not, we fear, be of much permanent use, since they are itching to recover their lost money, nor was the drop sharp enough to scare them away for very long. This element of weakness will, therefore, remain as a thorn in the flesh of the Market until the holiday season spreads its drowsy wings over the Stock Exchange at large, when the punters haunt the Broads instead of Broad Street, and the House remains at rest.

THE JAPANESE LOAN AND WHITELEY'S DEBENTURES.

The last week has afforded us a curious insight into the relative credit standing of the Imperial Japanese Government as compared with that of a gentleman by name William Whiteley. The Government of Japan offered its 4 per cent. bonds at the modest price of 90, and, as far as we can learn, a very small amount has been taken by the investing public. It is said that, to keep the price at par during the issue, about £2,000,000 of stock has been bought by the various financial institutions who were interested in the success of the loan, and, despite this lavish expenditure, as we write the scrip is weak at 1½ discount. All the largest credit establishments in the City were directly or indirectly concerned with the issue, and the result of their united efforts has been to land themselves with far more stock than they want, and make continued efforts to support the market necessary if they are ever to escape.

At the same time that the lists of the Japanese Loan were open to a public which refused to subscribe, Mr. William Whiteley, of Bayswater, invited subscriptions for £900,000 4 per cent. Debenture stock at 102; there was no underwriting and next to no advertisement, yet Mr. Whiteley's banking department was turned into a bear-garden by eager crowds pouring in with cheques in one hand and application forms in the other, and the lists were closed with an immense over-subscription in twelve hours, while the stock is a firm market at 109½ to 110½.

The story of the two issues seems to us to show at least two things: one, that financial houses cannot really control the success or failure of any loan, and the other that, while the public has plenty of money to invest, it prefers to take even 3½ for its savings in some security at home to 4½ per cent. on the credit of a Government of whose stability it has some doubt. At any rate, the result of these two issues is a slap for the big financiers and a triumph for Mr. Whiteley.

THE "STAR" LIBEL ACTION.

Again has an object-lesson of the danger which financial writers run if they dare to speak out been afforded by the result of the action which one Inger brought against our contemporary the *Star*. The plaintiff claimed £36,000 damages, and recovered a farthing. Yet, for having spoken the truth and warned investors against Mr. Inger and his ways, the newspaper is mulcted in costs to the extent of at least £1000. How can journalists do their duty as long as the risk to the proprietors of papers is so considerable? Surely it is high time that any man who considers his character unduly attacked should be made to pay the costs of vindicating it if a jury of his fellow-countrymen do not think he has suffered damage worth £50. It is monstrous that a newspaper should be mulcted in what amounts to a heavy fine for saying something which injures a man to the extent of one farthing! We often see the Press accused of being in league with this or that promoter, because they do not show up some scheme more than usually outrageous, but the truth is that the risk run by straight writing (even if in substance the paper says nothing but the truth) is next door to prohibitive.

"THE MINING MANUAL."

Again Mr. Skinner has produced a most useful—we had almost said, monumental—work of reference on all mining companies whose shares are dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange. The book should be in the hands of every one of our readers who dabbles in mines, and it is really surprising to note the extraordinary way in which the compiler manages to bring the information up to date. We have received a memorandum from Mr. Skinner asking us to state that Mr. Charles Kaufman, whose name is given as consulting engineer to the Westralian Joint-Stock Loan and Finance Corporation and the Westralian Market Trust, is no longer connected with these companies, and we gladly oblige him by giving publicity to this correction. If we might suggest an improvement in the book, we should say that two or three small-scale maps of important mining centres, such as the Rand, Kalgoorlie, Rossland, and perhaps the district about Dawson City, would be very useful as an addition to the already voluminous information contained in the "Mining Manual" of 1899.

ISSUE.

Portman Estate Mansions, Limited, is formed to deal with certain well-known blocks of flats on the Portman estate, within a short distance of Hyde Park and Baker Street. The purchase-price is £335,000, payable as to £250,000 in cash, and the balance in Ordinary shares, the whole of which are thus absorbed. Every single flat included in the purchase is let, and the present rent-roll amounts to £28,000, which can be increased by at least £5000. The Board appears a strong one, and the £170,000 4 per cent. Debentures are certainly very amply covered, while the 5½ Preference shares (so long as the Portman Estate happens to be among the most fashionable localities in London) are certain of their dividend. We think either class of security can be taken with safety.

Saturday, June 10, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SARAH.—You are not responsible for your husband's debts, except so far as you may have effects or property of his in your possession which could be seized to answer for them. The creditor would have to sue your husband, serve him with a writ or summons, and get a judgment; he could then take in execution any property of your husband which may be in your possession, but not your own property.

DOCTOR.—We sent you the name and address on the 7th inst. Probably Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Preference shares at about 23s. would suit you, or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preference shares at about £4 17s. 6d.

R. W.—Yes, we think safe enough.

SAW.—(1) No. (2) No. (3 and 4) The less you have to do with these shares the better for you. The shares in the various companies belonging to the group have not risen because of the rooted distrust which the market has for the great man at the head of it and all his works.

SKETCHITE.—(1, 2, 3, and 4) are all reasonable investments, but political troubles might upset No. 1. (5 and 6) Distinctly speculative, but having great possibilities. (7) Probably safe enough considering the interest. (8) Speculative. (9 and 10) Good. (11) We have a poor opinion of this concern.

WATERLOO.—We note what you say, and are obliged for the tip. There is, as you say, very often an autumn rise, but it all depends on the price you get in at.

R. P.—See this week's Notes. The stocks mentioned in the Trust would, we think, exactly fit your requirements. You might add River Plate Gas Shares at about 11½, and yielding 7 per cent. on £10.

G. M.—(1) The accounts which reach us of this mine are still favourable. (2) The company was formed in 1893. (3) The capital is £300,000, of which £275,000 is issued. (4) The position of this mine is good, but we do not like the people connected with it. (5) This is a reconstruction; we will give details next week, after inquiry. Skinner's "Mining Manual" would be invaluable to you.

NOTE.—We wish to call our readers' attention to the change of address which certain alterations in our office make necessary, and we should be obliged if correspondents in future would address all letters to 198, Strand, instead of, as heretofore, to Granville House, Arundel Street, W.C.